The Outlook

VOLUME 93 NOVEMBER 13, 1909 NUMBER 11

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY REGULAR WEEKLY NUMBERS FIVE CENTS
MAGAZINE NUMBERS (FOURTH ISSUE OF EACH MONTH) FIFTEEN CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION — FIFTY-TWO ISSUES — THREE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE

CONTENTS

Copyright, 1909, by the Outlook Company

The Result of the Elections 561
The Boycott and Free Speech 562
Water Powers and the Nation 562
Another Conviction for Customs Frauds 563
The Question of Immunity 564
"Mickey" and the Judge 565
What Shall Be Done About Football? 566
Peary's Claims Confirmed 567
The American Murderer 568
John S. Kennedy 569
A Significant Address 569
The Christian Science Controversy 570
The Second Battle of Salamis 571
"The Harvest Moon" 571
The Eastern Chinese Railway 572
The New York Campaign: The Outcome 572
Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Shaw 574
An Incredible Universe 576
The Spectator 577
The Negro's Place in American Life 579
By Booker T. Washington
The Enjoyment of Music: The Perception of Musical Form 585
By Daniel Gregory Mason
The Grooming of the Farm 588
By Elisabeth Woodbridge
The New Philanthropy 593
By Alida Lattimore
A Few Books on Art 597
By Elbert F. Baldwin
The New Books 599
Public Opinion 602

POSTAGE is prepaid on all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila (Samoa), Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 to the regular subscription price for postage.

CHANGE IN ADDRESS. Notice of change in address should be sent Two Weeks before the date of issue on which the change is to take effect. The change cannot be made unless the subscriber's Old Address is clearly indicated in addition to the New Address.

COPYRIGHT. All the contributions and illustrations of this number are fully protected by copyright and must not be reprinted without special permission. The editorial contributions of Theodore Roosevelt are fully protected by copyright, domestic and international, and are not to be reprinted in full except by arrangement in specific cases with the Outlook Company. Extracts from any of Mr. Roosevelt's articles, however, not exceeding one-third of the total, may be made, provided full credit to The Outlook is given.

RENEWALS. The date opposite your name on the yellow label which appears on your magazine shows to what date your subscription has been paid. Your renewal should be received two weeks before the date of expiration thus indicated, to prevent any interruption in your receipt of the magazine.

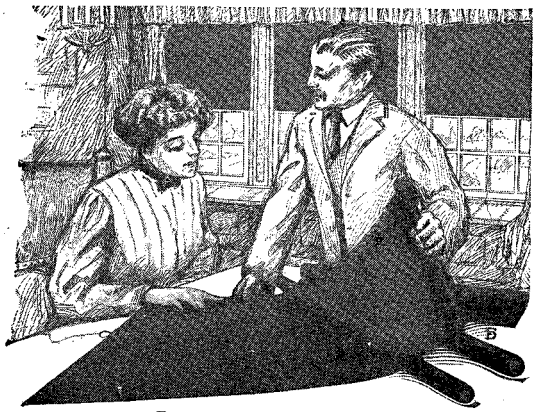
ADVERTISING. Orders, final instructions, and cuts for advertising must be received two weeks before the Saturday on which the advertisement is intended to appear.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All manuscripts, drawings, and photographs are received with the understanding that the Editors are not responsible for their loss or injury while in their possession or in transit. Return postage should be inclosed with each manuscript submitted, and a copy should be retained by each author.

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

Chicago Office, Marquette Building 287 Fourth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BE SURE YOU SEE THE NAME

Anything cheaper than Brenlin is False economy

Get shades that wear
Look for the name

BRENLIN

Brenlin is such a relief after shades that crack and wrinkle, it wears so much better, no woman will hesitate to pay the slight difference in cost.

A Brenlin shade, 7 feet long, 38 inches wide, complete, with best roller, costs $1.00.

For about two or three dollars more, you can have every shade in your house look well and wear.

Brenlin is made entirely without "filling" of any kind. It is supple, not stiff. It has a natural body that makes it hang smooth. This difference in material makes the difference in wear. Anything cheaper than Brenlin is false economy.

Write for this sample book

See Brenlin.

Remember you buy shades from a sample book. Ours sometimes get into the hands of dealers who do not sell Brenlin.

When your shades are delivered, take them in your hands and look closely for the name perforated as shown above in the edge of every yard. Other shades look like Brenlin when they are new.

Write today for samples in all colors, also Brenlin Duplex, and the names of Brenlin dealers in your city. If no dealer in your city has secured Brenlin, we shall see that you are supplied. Write today.

BRENLIN SAMPLE BOOK

CHAS. W. BRENEMAN & CO.
2045-2055 Reading Road, Cincinnati.

Brenlin

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

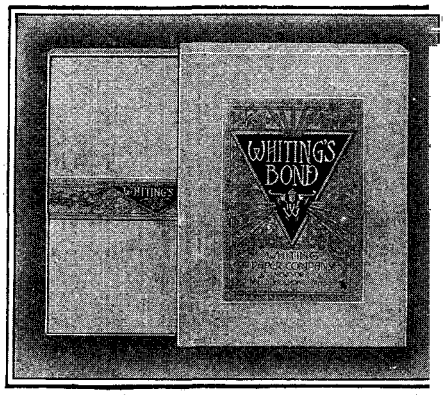
Really Shades and Wears

America's Best

REG. U. S PAT. OFF.

FOR FINE CORRESPONDENCE
OR FOR
GENERAL BUSINESS USE

WHITING PAPERS ARE STANDARD



"Bond" paper, by its very name, suggests richness and reliability, strength and lasting quality, and these are all characteristics of

Whiting's Bond Paper

It is an indispensable furnishing of the financier's and business man's desk, and is especially suited to persons who like to use a stub pen. It is a favorite with many women of taste and culture. Indeed, nearly everyone likes the crispness and vigor of a good Bond paper.

WHITING PAPER COMPANY
New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston

When you think of writing think of WHITING

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Outlook

NOVEMBER 13, 1909

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 287 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, PRESIDENT. WILLIAM B. HOWLAND, TREASURER. KARL V. S. HOWLAND, SECRETARY
LYMAN ABBOTT, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF. H. W. MABIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR. R. D. TOWNSEND, MANAGING EDITOR
THEODORE ROOSEVELT, CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

THE RESULT OF THE ELECTIONS

The year following a Presidential election is often called an "off year" in politics because a new Congress is not chosen and few States elect Governors. But the elections of last week decided several issues which were of importance, not only to the cities and States immediately involved, but to the Nation. Thus, the anti-Tammany fight in New York was watched the country over for the indications it would give of the strength of the anti-graft spirit. In another place in this number of The Outlook we speak editorially of the lessons which the New York City election suggests. Mr. Gaynor's plurality was about 73,000, and his total vote of 250,000 is the smallest vote ever given to a Democratic candidate for Mayor of New York as it is now constituted. Mr. Bannard ran nearly 24,000 votes ahead of Mr. Hearst; his total vote was a little over 177,000. Mr. Hearst's vote is said by some good judges to have drawn away as many from the Republican as from the Democratic ranks. In the election of Presidents of Boroughs and the City Comptroller the Fusion victory was complete and sweeping. When the new Mayor presides over the new Board of Estimate and Apportionment he will not see a single Tammany representative before him. Particularly gratifying was the election as President of the Borough of Manhattan of Mr. George McAneny; no more admirable candidate could have been found for the place, and the fact that his powers of appointment are of serious importance emphasizes the blow to Tammany. Altogether the result fully justifies the wisdom of the Committee of One Hundred in bringing about the fusion on all candidates but those for Mayor. In Philadelphia the anti-graft fight centered around the election of a new District Attorney, and although the Fusion candidate, Mr. Gibboney, made a splendid contest, the reform movement for the time being was defeated by about 43,000 votes, while the State Republican officials (there was no election for Governor) gained a majority of about 150,000. The narrow margin by which Governor Draper, of Massachusetts, was re-elected —a plurality of about 8,000 votes in a total of about 370,000—was partly due to dissatisfaction among many Republicans with the recent National tariff legislation, partly to labor opposition because of his veto of an eight-hour bill, and partly to local party disputes. No Massachusetts Republican was ever elected Governor by so small a plurality. In Boston the adoption of "Plan No. 2" for charter revision by popular vote is hailed as almost a revolution against machine politics. We shall describe the new charter in detail in a later issue. The Outlook is particularly glad to record among the election results the defeat in Maryland of the suffrage amendment to the State Constitution. As we have already explained, this amendment differed from the amendments restricting suffrage adopted in some Southern States, inasmuch as it made it impossible for negroes to qualify as electors except under property or education clauses, while white voters would not need to qualify under those clauses; there was no time limit to this discrimination, which was therefore palpably unjust and unfair. Perhaps the most discouraging result to be chronicled was that in San Francisco; not only was Mr. Heney defeated in his candidacy for the District-Attorneyship, but the city elected as Mayor a man who is denounced even by many of those who have opposed Mr. Heney's methods of fighting graft. Mayor McCarthy, the Labor candidate, owes his victory to the fact that those who opposed him clung to the strict old-party lines. The Argonaut,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which has bitterly opposed Mr. Heney and Mr. Spreckels, says of McCarthy that "he will be the Mayor of the mob," and that "we shall have an open town, with all that the phrase implies; we shall have a town dominated by an arrogant and remorseless class interest in alliance with criminality." In Cleveland Mayor Tom L. Johnson was defeated for re-election by the Republican candidate, Mr. Herman C. Baehr. Mr. Baehr's plurality was a little less than 4,000 in a total vote of about 80,000. The interpretation to be placed on Mayor Johnson's defeat is that Cleveland is wearied with the traction fight, believes that the arbitration under Judge Tayler will bring about a plan fair alike to taxpayers and public interests, and also believes that, although the settlement of traction matters is largely due to forces set in motion by Mayor Johnson, the general interests of the city will have more trustworthy and efficient development under other leadership.

THE BOYCOTT AND FREE SPEECH

The Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia has approved the jail sentences imposed by Justice Wright, of the Supreme Court of that District, on Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell, and Frank Morrison, of the American Federation of Labor, for contempt of court. The facts in this case, with the decision of Justice Wright, were fully stated in The Outlook of January 2, 1909, and do not need to be restated here. There were two questions at issue in these contempt proceedings. One was whether the defendants had violated the injunction issued prohibiting them from continuing the boycott against the business of the Bucks Stove and Range Company. On this question the decision of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia is in these words:

> The acts of these defendants, taken as a whole, can produce in the mind of any reasonable person but one impression, a concerted, well-planned effort to encourage the membership of the American Federation of Labor and their friends to disregard and disobey the orders of the Court and to create among their followers and their sympathizers a lack of respect for the authority and dignity of the Court.

On this question of fact, the country generally will and should respect the decision of the Court as conclusive. The other question is whether the injunction was unconstitutional in that it violated the defendants' right of free speech provided for in the article which prohibits Congress from making any law "abridging the freedom of speech or of the press." On this question the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia was not agreed, the Chief Justice holding "that much of the injunction order was null and void because opposed to the constitutional provision concerning the freedom of speech and of the press." There is still some question whether it is possible to carry this case by appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. We hope that it will be possible. It seems to us a matter of the utmost importance that the country should get from the Supreme Court of the United States an authoritative and final decision upon the question what the term "freedom of speech" and "freedom of the press," as those terms are used in the Constitution, really mean; in other words, what limits, if any, may be put upon absolute freedom by law. That such freedom is not without limit The Outlook has often asserted, and here reasserts.

WATER POWERS AND THE NATION

The problem of dealing with the immense water powers which still remain undeveloped upon the public domain is practically a new one for the American people, but it is one of the most important which they have to solve. The action of the last Administration and of the present Administration in withdrawing from entry public lands on which water power sites are to be found was the first step in the movement to take care adequately of this great natural resource. Fortunately, the Nation already has before it an admirable and successful example of what the second step ought to be. The Government has already, within the borders of National forests, permitted the development and use of water powers by private interests, but with complete preservation of the rights and interests of the Nation, which owns them. Mr. Gifford Pinchot, the Government Forester, in a letter to Major Henry L. Higginson,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Boston, which has just been made public, has described the methods which are employed by the Forest Service in accomplishing these desirable results. In his letter he said: "I am very glad indeed to have your statement that 'the United States should not part with this kind of property without fair leases.' That is precisely the position that the Forest Service has always taken," and continued:

I inclose a copy of the form of permit (called a special use agreement) now used by the Forest Service in granting all water power concessions in the National forests, and call your attention to the fact that this permit requires that construction be begun and completed within a reasonable time fixed in accordance with engineering conditions, in order to prevent the speculative holding of undeveloped sites; that a small annual mileage and acreage charge be paid during construction, for the same reason; that a reasonable annual charge in proportion to the electrical output, nominal in amount at the outset and gradually increasing by moderate increments in successive five-year periods, be paid after operation begins, with reasonable deductions on account of other than National forest land used by the plant or forming part of the watershed, and in order to encourage the building of storage reservoirs, on account of water storage by the permittee; that timber cut or destroyed in construction be paid for at a reasonable stipulated price; that the plant be operated continuously up to a reasonable stipulated fraction of its full capacity, in order to prevent artificial scarcity and the resulting high prices to consumers; that power be sold to the United States, when requested, at as low a price as to any other consumer for a like use; that the permit shall not be transferred, since the transfer of Government contracts is expressly prohibited by statute (the power to issue a new permit to a successor of the permittee of course remains in the Government); that the permittee shall not enter into any combination or trust to restrict output or in restraint of trade, etc.; that the permittee must use reasonable precautions to protect the forest by fire fighting, etc.; that the permit shall terminate at the end of fifty years, but may then be renewed on such conditions as the Government shall then fix, but that in fixing them neither the permit itself nor the franchises, stock, or bonds of the permittee shall be considered, but only the actual value at that time of physical works constructed under the permit—this in order that future generations may not be burdened to pay dividends on inflated securities.

These permits are issued under a specific statute enacted in 1901, which authorized the imposition of such conditions and restrictions. The administration of this statute, so far as National forests are concerned, was transferred to the Department of Agriculture by the Act of February 1, 1905, but, as Mr. Pinchot writes, it "still remains in the Interior Department, so far as unreserved public lands and National parks are concerned." This is a view which, in so far as public lands outside of National forests are concerned, does not seem to be generally accepted. In fact, President Taft, in a recent address at Spokane, Washington, declared that the Secretary of the Interior did not have authority for dealing with this question. In closing his letter to Mr. Higginson Mr. Pinchot says of the permits he has described, "I hope you will agree with me that they are 'fair leases.'" We believe that from the point of view of the Nation they are fair leases. The fact that over one hundred permits have been issued for the use of water power in National forests seems to indicate that power producers, from their point of view, consider them fair leases. It only remains for a similar system of permits to be applied to water powers on the rest of the public domain, either under the present law, if it can be done, or by new legislation.

ANOTHER CONVICTION FOR CUSTOMS FRAUDS

After the sweets comes the cheese. Eight months ago the Sugar Trust was convicted of having defrauded the Government in the payment of duties on importations of sugar and compelled to pay a fine of $134,000 and to return over $2,000,000 of duties fraudulently withheld. Last week Philip Musica, a member of a cheese-importing firm, was sentenced to a year in prison and to pay a fine of $5,000 for a somewhat similar fraud. In the sugar case (described in The Outlook of May 1, under the title "The Case of the Seventeen Holes") the fraud was carried on by means of an ingenious device applied secretly to the scales for weighing the sugar, and operated by employees of the company. That Government weighers were implicated in the sugar frauds has not been definitely proved; but their complicity was not essential to the success of the method there used. In the cheese case, however, their assist-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ance was necessary, and the plan employed was more complicated. It consisted in having the exporter in Europe make out false invoices, giving the weight of the cheese in a given shipment as from thirty to forty-five per cent less than it really was. The Government weigher on the dock where the cheese was landed from the steamer in turn falsified his report of the weights of the shipment to fit the figures of the invoice, which he had ascertained from the importer. Thus the importer had to pay duties on very much less than the real amount of cheese which he received. The money thus stolen from the Government was divided equally between the defrauding dealer and the dishonest weigher. The conviction of Musica was secured on two lines of evidence. Four Government weighers turned State's evidence, and told fully and freely how the frauds had been carried out. But their testimony alone was not sufficient, for the uncorroborated evidence of an accomplice is not held by the law to be adequate ground for a conviction. So the shipments of cheese which had been made two and three years ago were traced, by the records of the trucking companies, to the retail stores where they were delivered from the dock, for only a small portion of the cheese went to the Musica store before it was delivered to customers. From the books and records of the purchasers (and from the very bills of the accused importers themselves) it was then ascertained what weight of cheese had been billed to them by the Musica firm at a given time. Those weights, in every case which could be traced, were nearly twice as great as the weights of the same shipments recorded in the Government books, on which the duties had been calculated. This evidence, gathered after the most painstaking search, effectively corroborated the confession of the four weighers, and was sufficient to make such a strong case against the accused that at the end he pleaded guilty. His father, Antonio Musica, was on trial with him, but Judge Holt, of the United States District Court where the trial was held, directed the jury to return a verdict of not guilty in his case, although there was considerable evidence that he had been as cognizant of the frauds as his son. The stolen duties on the shipments which were actually in question at the trial amounted to only about $2,000, but it was estimated by the prosecution that the Government had lost in eighteen months on the importations by the Musica firm over $12,000. This was, of course, a mere bagatelle compared with the stealings of the Sugar Company, which often made as much as this on a single cargo. But in method the fraud was more dangerous to the public morals, for it necessarily involved the criminal complicity of Government employees and the debauchment of the public service. On the witness-stand Musica testified that the frauds had been suggested to him by Government weighers, and practically forced upon him by their action in making it difficult for him to get his goods promptly through the Custom-House unless he paid regular tribute. He intimated, and it has come to be the common belief, that his experience was only a single example of a widespread condition of rottenness in the Customs service.

THE QUESTION OF IMMUNITY

A much-discussed feature of the Musica case was the criticism expressed by Judge Holt of one of the methods adopted by the Government officials in its preparation. In order to secure the vitally essential evidence of the implicated weighers the Government attorneys and the Custom-House officials not only offered them immunity from prosecution, but agreed to retain them in the Customs service. In dismissing the case against the elder Musica, Judge Holt said of this proceeding: "It is necessary sometimes to secure the testimony of accomplices, and to do this it is necessary to promise them immunity, but I have never heard of a case in which such men were promised also retention in the service of the Government which they admitted they had defrauded. This Court desires to express the most emphatic disapprobation of such a course. It is not only a discredit to the Government, but an injustice to honest men in the service to compel them to act in the company of men who have proved themselves unworthy, dishonest, and unfit to be trusted."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two days later the Judge, in passing sentence on the convicted man, somewhat modified his criticism, and said: "I am glad to take advantage of this occasion to say that in my opinion the gentlemen who are now charged with the administration of the Customs service are making an earnest and vigorous effort, and have been, to stamp out this corruption in the service and to bring to justice the men who have been violating the law. . . . I do not desire that from that criticism which I feel it my duty to make any inference should be drawn that I fail to appreciate the sincere and resolute efforts which are now being made, in my opinion, by the gentlemen now in charge of the Customs service in New York City to put a stop to a condition of things for which their predecessors, and not themselves, are responsible."

THE REASONS FOR IMMUNITY

Doubtless the idea of retaining self-confessed rascals in office to work alongside honest men would seem as repugnant to many as it does to Judge Holt, but the action of the Government officials ought not to be judged without complete knowledge. A year ago two Government weighers were tried in Brooklyn on a charge similar to that in the present case. The conditions were almost identical and the documentary evidence was of the strongest. The cheese which it was charged had been underweighed for the payment of duties was still in the Government warehouses, and upon reweighal by two Government officials was found to weigh ten thousand pounds more than was recorded in the books of the accused men. In spite of the strength of the Government's case on the documentary side, the men were acquitted, almost undoubtedly from the lack of what might be called human evidence. If the Musica case was to be prosecuted successfully, it was absolutely essential that this kind of evidence—State's evidence or the confession of an accomplice—should be secured. Those in charge of the prosecution found that such evidence could not be obtained except on the terms to which Judge Holt objects—not only the promise of immunity to the witnesses, but an agreement that they should not lose their livelihood as a result of their testimony. The alternatives before the Government were not of convicting the cheese importers by this method or by some other, but of convicting them by this method or being unable to convict them at all. And upon the choice of the alternative depended far more than the outcome of this single case. It was believed that the Government was being widely defrauded and that corruption in the Customs service was systematic and far-reaching. The Government was confronted by a seemingly impregnable barrier. The rascals hung together and stood fast in the belief that the Government was unable to reach them. The best documentary evidence was of no avail without corroboration. It was imperative that a break be made in the ranks of the wrongdoers if the system was to be overthrown. The experience of the previous case and the results of long-continued investigation convinced the prosecutors that the only course which would prove effectual was that which was adopted—keeping the informers in the Government employ in addition to granting them immunity from prosecution. Two other points should be made clear. It is understood that it is the intention of the Custom-House officials to give the men in question other and less responsible positions than those which they formerly occupied. It is also not the policy of the Government, as has been widely intimated, to make use of this method of securing evidence generally and to grant immunity to every Government employee found guilty of wrongdoing. Five Government weighers are now under indictment, and the indictments are to be energetically pushed. There is one other consideration which ought not to be overlooked. A man who has been guilty of wrongdoing, like every other man, must either work or starve. These men, if they are not to be sent to prison—a suggestion, of course, entirely incompatible with the generally approved theory of State's evidence—must work in the company of honest men somewhere.

"MICKEY" AND THE JUDGE

If any one doubts that corruption in politics is tolerated at a terrible cost, let him read the installment of Judge Lindsey's narrative in Everybody's Maga-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

zine for November. All over the country Judge Lindsey is known as the "Children's Judge" in Denver, Colorado. He presides over the Juvenile Court of that city. It would seem that a man in his position would be far removed from the turmoil of party politics; but, as a matter of fact, he is in the midst of it. Indeed, it was because he started out in his public career to rescue the government of the city of Denver from the grasp of greedy and conscienceless men that he found himself finally an arbiter of children's destinies. He had seen how the gambler and the grafter exercised power in the organization of both parties. In time he was made Judge of the County Court. His refusal to make appointments by favoritism alienated his political supporters, and he made up his mind that he had no future on the Bench. One day as he sat listening to cases a boy was brought in on the charge of larceny. Judge Lindsey decided that he could do nothing with that boy but sentence him to the Reform School. The terror and despair of the boy's mother, however, led Judge Lindsey to suspend sentence, and, in company with an officer, he went to the boy's home. He found that the boy had been picking up coal from the railway tracks in order to keep the house warm. As a consequence of this investigation, he put the boy on probation, and began to think out a plan for the decent treatment of delinquent children. A few days afterwards he had some boys before him on a burglary charge. It turned out that the boys had mischievously stolen some pigeons from a man whom they believed to have stolen pigeons from them and whom they wished to plague. Judge Lindsey protested against bringing children on criminal charges to be degraded by a prison experience. "Well, Judge," the clerk of the court replied, "we sometimes get short on our fee accounts, and it helps to increase fees in this office to bring the kids here." Judge Lindsey continued his investigations. He found boys in the jails shut up with hardened criminals and started on the road to criminal careers. The sights he had witnessed in the jails haunted him. He began to agitate for a remedy. He found at last in the statutes a section which enabled him to treat children as juvenile disorderly persons subject to discipline as truants. He construed it as applicable to all children. Thereupon he encountered the opposition of the dive-keepers. The opposition of the dive-keepers meant the opposition of the men who sold ice to the saloons. Of course all this involved the opposition of machine politicians. Judge Lindsey's protest to the District Attorney, to the Chief of Police, and to the Police Board was unavailing. Finally he decided on an investigation. With the aid of a friendly reporter he got the matter into the public press. Then he invited the Governor, the Mayor, and a number of prominent citizens, including fifteen ministers, to a hearing in his chambers. When the day came, however, he found he was balked in getting the juvenile witnesses he wanted. So he called to his aid a boy known as "the worst kid in town." The Judge asked him to bring to the chambers by two o'clock every boy he could get that had been in jail, and when the time came "Mickey" appeared at the head of a troop of twenty youngsters. The stories that these boys told could not all appear in reputable newspapers. The effect of this testimony was such that by the end of the week the Juvenile Court bills which had been held up in the Legislature were passed. Under the pressure of public indignation Judge Lindsey and his coadjutors secured also public playgrounds and public baths. The greatest achievement, however, of Judge Lindsey's career is the creation of the Juvenile Court and the establishment of the principles upon which it is conducted. This story explains why a juvenile court judge in Denver, Colorado, has aroused the enmity of powerful interests. Americans are apt to be callous to practices involving extravagance and waste; but we cannot imagine any decent, humane American remaining indifferent to the evil of political corruption when it is so clearly shown to thrive upon the ruin of boys and girls.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE ABOUT FOOTBALL?

Week before last, in the annual football game between Harvard and the United States Military Academy, at West Point, Cadet Bryne, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

acting captain of the West Point team, was fatally injured, was carried off the field, and died in the hospital a few hours after the accident. Not many days before, a midshipman on the team of the Naval Academy, in Annapolis, broke a bone of the spinal column and is still lying at the point of death, or, if he recovers, is doomed to be a helpless cripple for life. Several other deaths and a long list of painful casualties resulting from football this autumn merely add to a great body of evidence already on record that the modified Rugby game, as played in the schools and colleges of this country, is an extra-hazardous sport. What shall be done about it? Two methods may be pursued: It may be prohibited by law, as prize-fighting is prohibited, and it may be forbidden by school and college authorities, as it has been forbidden at Columbia University, in the city of New York; or those in control of interscholastic and intercollegiate football may so modify the rules and methods of play as to eliminate from the sport its extra-hazardous character. It seems to us that the second method is the one first to be attempted. Football is undeniably a game of remarkable popularity both among players and among spectators. It undeniably possesses the great merit, entirely apart from its qualities as a pastime, of developing in a high degree the physique, the quickness of mind, and the moral stamina of the players. Opponents of football should remember that there is physical hazard connected with all sports; skating, swimming, riding, motoring, flying-machines, baseball, and even golf have their dangerous aspects. Supporters of football should remember that it is not the hazardous nature of the game as at present played that the public objects to, but its *extra-hazardous* nature. Not many years ago almost every intercollegiate game was marked by some display of personal brutality. This has now been practically done away with by new rules and regulations. In the same way rules and regulations must be found, such as, for example, the total elimination of the mass plays that were responsible for the death of the West Point cadet and the crippling of the Annapolis midshipman, which will remove the extra hazard from the game. If this cannot be done, school and college authorities will be entirely justified in abolishing football as a branch of undergraduate athletics.

PEARY'S CLAIMS CONFIRMED

The National Geographic Society, after careful inquiry, has accepted Commander Peary's assertion that he reached the North Pole. Its Board of Managers has voted to present a gold medal to Mr. Peary, and another to Captain Bartlett, who navigated the Roosevelt to the far North, and, in command of the last supporting party, himself reached a latitude of 87° 40′. Commander Peary, at the request of the Society, laid before a Committee of its membership his original journal and records of observations, with all his instruments and apparatus and certain of the most important of the scientific results of his expedition. The Committee was composed of Mr. Henry Gannett, Chief Geographer of the United States Geological Survey; Admiral Colby H. Chester, former Director of the Naval Observatory; and Mr. O. H. Tittman, Superintendent of the Coast and Geodetic Survey. In addition to submitting all his data, Commander Peary went before the Committee to clear up anything on which the notes might be at all obscure. The Committee was unanimously of the belief, after examining all the material, that Commander Peary reached the North Pole on April 6, 1909. It further reported that "the organization, planning, and management of the expedition, its complete success, and the scientific results reflect the greatest credit on the ability" of Commander Peary, and entitle him to the highest honors in the gift of the Geographic Society. In considering the explorer's data the Committee found that his instruments might perhaps have varied in the determination of the position of a point by a distance of something less than a mile. But Mr. Peary was careful to make observations at several points about the probable position of the Pole, so that if he did not stand precisely at the Pole itself he undoubtedly circled about it and thus located it to all intents and purposes. The action of the National Geographic Society—a scientific body of the highest standing—confirms Commander Peary's claim to have done what the whole

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

world believed he had done—reached the North Pole. The question remains, Was he the first man to reach it? Probably if that question were to be determined at the present moment by popular vote, based on information and belief, the answer would be, Yes. But it ought to be determined by the verdict of a scientific body. The Geographic Society managers further resolved that a committee of experts be appointed to decide upon investigation "the question whether or not any one reached the North Pole prior to 1909." Meanwhile Dr. Cook is reported to be busily preparing his data for submission to the authorities of the University of Copenhagen. We wish that patriotism and regard for his own good name would lead him to submit them also to the Geographic Society's committee. Perhaps he is so pledged to the Danes that he cannot do so. But he must submit his proofs to some one speedily or be in extreme danger of losing the last of that confidence which seems to have been steadily ebbing away under his policy of vagueness and delay.

THE AMERICAN MURDERER

The parasitic, minute worm known popularly as the "hookworm," which has given its name to the disease for the prevention and cure of which Mr. John D. Rockefeller has just given the sum of one million dollars, has a more significant scientific title. It is *Necator Americanus*—the American murderer; and if any living organism ever deserved the title, it is surely this. Unless Dr. Charles W. Stiles, who is the Chief of the Division of Zoölogy of the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, is totally in error, and unless the scientists who have confirmed Dr. Stiles's investigation are equally in error, this parasite has destroyed health, energy, and life among the poorer white classes of some of our Southern States in astonishing and deplorable numbers. That it is worth while to spend money for the eradication of this affliction is evident when one reads Dr. Stiles's estimate that the hookworm causes a loss to South Carolina alone of about thirty million dollars yearly, while, if Dr. Stiles is correct, it may be quite possible to stamp the disease out altogether in a score of years at a cost of perhaps one hundred thousand dollars a year. This is just what Mr. Rockefeller has undertaken to do, acting through a Commission headed by Dr. W. H. Welch, the President of the American Medical Society and a Professor of Pathology in the Johns Hopkins University. The Commission comprises, in addition to Dr. Welch and Dr. Stiles himself, several men eminent in science, in education, or in journalism. The fact that among the names are those of Dr. Frissell, of Hampton Institute, Dr. Alderman, of the University of Virginia, and Mr. Walter H. Page, of The World's Work, is sufficient to guarantee the seriousness of this effort. In accepting the task proposed to them by Mr. Rockefeller, the Commission expressed positive belief as to the theory propounded by Dr. Stiles in these words:

> The hookworm parasites often so lower the vitality of those who are affected as to retard their physical and mental development, render them more susceptible to other diseases, make labor less efficient, and, in the sections where the malady is most prevalent, greatly increase the death rate from consumption, pneumonia, typhoid fever, and malaria. It has been shown that the lowered vitality of multitudes, long attributed to malaria and climate and seriously affecting economic development, is in fact largely due in some districts to this parasite. The disease is by no means confined to any one class; it takes its toll of suffering and death from the highly intelligent and well-to-do as well as from the less fortunate. It is a conservative estimate that two millions of our people are affected by this parasite. The disease is more common and more serious in children of school age than in other persons. Widespread and serious as the infection is, there is still a most encouraging outlook. The disease can be easily recognized, readily and effectively treated, and by simple and proper sanitary precautions successfully prevented.

There was a time when the newspapers were inclined to be facetious over the theory that the hookworm was the cause of laziness, and indeed the disease it engenders is sometimes referred to by the victims or their friends as the "lazy sickness." It is, however, if modern methods of scientific proof are worth anything, a very real and very serious trouble, and its destruction may mean an enormous increase in the industry, energy, and intelligence of the regions in which it has unhappily borne sway.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHN S. KENNEDY

New York lost one of its most honorable and useful citizens by the death of Mr. John Stewart Kennedy last week in his eightieth year. He was a representative of a large group of citizens whose lives are conspicuous for ability, force of character, integrity, and generous aims. Unfortunately, in New York, as in other cities, men of a quite different nature occupy the largest space in the newspapers and convey the impression that they are representative men of their localities. Mr. Kennedy was a Scotchman by birth, received an elementary education in a public school in Glasgow, became an apprentice at thirteen, and with Scotch intelligence and pertinacity carried on his education while he worked with a shipping firm. In 1856 he came to New York City, and won early recognition by his business capacity and his eminent trustworthiness. He was a man in whom both the physical and the moral life were intensely vital. It was impossible to be with him half an hour without recognizing his capacity and his moral vigor. He was one of the men whose character gives a ringing response to every test. For many years he was an active banker and financier, and when he retired, twenty-seven years ago, it was to apply his energy and working power to wider and more impersonal interests. He kept his business connection with a large number of important concerns, for he was a man of great wealth; but during the last thirty years of his life he was one of that group of able men who are helping to carry on the philanthropic and educational work of the country without any other reward than an occasional expression of appreciation and a sense of putting in work where it is most needed. Mr. Kennedy's gifts were large, and, it is suspected, almost without number. His chief joy in life was to help people with wise gifts of money. He built the United Charities Building, at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, New York, in which The Outlook has had its quarters for eleven years, sixteen years ago, and presented it, in trust, to the four philanthropic societies which are housed in it practically without cost, the excess of revenue over the cost of maintaining the building going to the general fund for the benefit of these societies. No gift to New York has been more wise or more important than this establishment of a charitable center. It was a long step towards the coordination of the charities of New York, and it has been a place of relief for thousands of needy people. Five years ago Mr. Kennedy gave $250,000 to the School of Philanthropy, which was organized under the Charity Organization Society. Four years ago he gave half a million dollars to Columbia University, anonymously. One million dollars was his donation to the Presbyterian Hospital last year, and $400,000 to the Nurses' Home maintained in connection with the same institution. Quite as important as his gifts were the time and the rare judgment which Mr. Kennedy gave to a great number of public institutions, not only philanthropic but educational, like the Lenox Library, the New York Historical Society, the Metropolitan Museum of Art. At his death he was President of the Board of Trustees of Robert College. He was a many-sided man, intensely active in business affairs, deeply engaged in the finest forms of public service, a devoutly religious man, a lover of art, and a keen and persistent sportsman, finding every summer a restful vacation in Canada, where, it is said, he held the record for the largest number of salmon taken with the fly in a period of two weeks. His was a familiar face in many places where the most interesting men gathered in New York, and he will be sorely missed.

A SIGNIFICANT ADDRESS

The very interesting movement toward Christian unity, of which Dr. Newman Smyth, of New Haven, has been the conspicuous leader, is making headway. A year ago this month, at a General Conference of the Congregational Churches of Connecticut, a committee was appointed to secure conferences with other religious bodies. Dr. Smyth, Professor Simeon E. Baldwin, and Frederick W. Green, of Hartford, representing the Congregational churches, in May last met in conference with Bishop Brewster, Dr. Francis Goodwin, of Hartford, and William R. Huntington and W. M. Grosvenor, of New

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

York, for an unofficial exchange of views. As a result of this conference a group of questions was formulated, which may be summarized as follows:

> Might not an agreement be reached with due reference to the constitution and diversities of the churches by the Episcopal recognition of such freedom of worship as might be habitual in other congregations? Is confirmation included in matters essential to Church unity in the Lambeth overture? While confirmation is cherished by the Episcopal layman as his ordination in the priesthood of the whole Church, does it constitute Church membership, the rubric requiring confirmation, according to the very general interpretation, relating only to the children of Episcopalians and to catechumens? Might not the office and functions of the episcopate be adopted in other Christian Churches as an organ of their fellowship and a means of executive unity? Might not a working agreement be practical by the recognition of the self-governing power of individual churches as local units in their immediate interests, while some degree of episcopal direction is secured in their common Christian interests? What would be further necessary to make the existing ministry of other churches regular according to the Episcopal order? Might not such additional authorization be conferred by the bishop?

The fact that such questions could be asked between two bodies so far apart as the Episcopal and the Congregational is in itself significant. At the closing exercises of the Episcopal Missionary Conference of New England recently held in Hartford, Bishop Hall, of Vermont, one of the most conservative and pronounced of Churchmen, made an earnest appeal for a union of the Episcopal and Congregational Churches, in which he said that religion must have a definite meaning for people who are fast falling away from the churches, and that it would be necessary to unite under one creed, "to unite on just the one thing set up by the Apostles of Christ as his Creed." Bishop Hall is reported as saying that—

> In order to gain the advantages and avoid the losses of a lack of unity there must be a concerted desire to realize the oneness of the Church. We must allow great freedom of worship in each church, providing the sacraments are observed.
>
> Creeds, as statements of faith, must be kept. In the front we must keep a true, thorough devotion to the Lord Jesus Christ. We must be willing to work along common ground, along humanitarian lines. We must be careful to avoid the danger of expedients adopted in order to obtain a unity based on denominations giving up their individual systems of belief.
>
> One great difficulty in New England is the lack of authority over the churches of many denominations. Congregational churches are almost a law unto themselves. Has the idea of unity ever been realized? Truth must not be sacrificed to obtain unity. Care must be taken to do all that will advance the cause of the Kingdom. Conferences should be held with other denominations that views of unity may be presented.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CONTROVERSY

Because Mrs. Augusta Stetson was supposed to have exercised "malicious animal magnetism" (which is merely a modern synonym for witchcraft), she was prohibited by the Christian Science authorities from teaching or healing. This form of discipline is very much more humane than that of throwing an offender into a pond, which has prevailed in other ages. In this case, moreover, it appears to have been effectual. Mrs. Stetson has explicitly submitted to the authority of the directors of the "Mother Church." She has issued a statement announcing that she has no intention of seceding from Christian Science. The disturbance within the ranks of Christian Science, however, has not subsided. The First Church of Christ Scientist, New York, of which Mrs. Stetson was once the First Reader, and of which she still is the most prominent member, is apparently not quite so acquiescent as Mrs. Stetson herself. The trustees of that church, in the face of the discipline administered by the authorities of the Mother Church, have, after proceedings in which testimony was heard, exonerated Mrs. Stetson and defended her from the charges which had been made against her. The First Reader of that church, however, Mr. Strickler, who appears to be in sympathy with the action of the Mother Church, explains away the action of the trustees by saying that the testimony given on Mrs. Stetson's behalf was "from the spiritual point of view." So far as we have been able to understand it, this means that the testimony did not accord with such gross things as material facts. Inasmuch as spiritual man cannot know such unrealities as sickness, sin, and wrong, testimony "from a spiritual point of view"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may be quite out of accord with what the mortal mind of the ordinary person would never think of disputing. We confess that we cannot distinguish malicious animal magnetism from mediæval black art, or testimony from the spiritual point of view from commonplace falsehood. That, we presume, is due to the fact that the mind of The Outlook is mortal.

THE SECOND BATTLE OF SALAMIS

There has been another battle at Salamis, which resembled the first historical struggle very much as Offenbach's "La Belle Hélène" resembles the Iliad. The political situation in Greece has been for some time past one of unstable equilibrium, owing largely to the popular feeling with regard to Crete, and an organization, largely of officers, which calls itself the Military League has been making demands on the Government for military and naval reforms which, in their form, fell little short of dictation. As a result of this agitation a young naval officer, Typaldos by name, an enterprising and popular man, who had been somewhat prematurely made commander of the Submarine Defense Department, seized the naval arsenal at Salamis last week, without resistance. As the story runs, this young mutineer went to the President of the Military League on the night before his escape and demanded the cashiering of one officer and the reinstatement of another; and when he was told that compliance with such a demand would sweep away the Government, he magnificently replied: "Let it be swept away; I have another to replace it!" He then requested that he should be made Minister of Marine, and, when it was intimated to him that he was somewhat impertinent, lost his temper and went away in high dudgeon. This enterprising young man not only got possession of the arsenal at Salamis, but of two torpedo-boats in the harbor. There seems to have been a singular lack of co-ordination on all sides; but the Government recovered from its astonishment soon enough to extinguish this melodramatic revolt. Fire was opened on the torpedo-boats in the harbor and on the arsenal, and there was an engagement of twenty minutes, after which the second Battle of Salamis came to an end. The two gunboats seem to be missing. Typaldos has been arrested. There was great excitement in Athens when the booming of the guns was heard, but the troops turned out at once, the road to Piræus was occupied, and, except for the missing torpedo-boats, no great damage appears to have been done. It was a brief but somewhat exciting piece of *opéra comique*.

"THE HARVEST MOON"

Mr. Augustus Thomas's new play, "The Harvest Moon," now being presented at the Garrick Theater in New York, holds the attention of the audience, but, unlike many other popular plays, it bears very close study. It has an interesting plot, dramatically unfolded to a striking climax, which is sufficiently emotional and satisfying as a solution of the problem presented. If the associations of the words were not unfortunate in their emphasis on undramatic elements, "The Harvest Moon" might well be called a symbolic play, for it is, in a word, a dramatization of the tremendous force of suggestion. In plot, in dramatic arrangement, stage-setting, and definite expression the drama is penetrated with this idea. Without being in the least didactic or sermonic, it deals with a great fact in human life—and that fact happens to have the most important moral implications. It is reported that a young girl said of a certain play, a few years ago, that it was not a play to which one would wish to take her mother. This is a play which has a special word to say to those who are the directors in any way of young people. It is a dramatic plea for the recognition of the individuality of the young woman, and a dramatic protest against planting by suggestion in a child's mind the idea of fate as expressed in heredity. It is dangerous to say of a play that it is illuminating, because people jump to the conclusion that it must therefore be sermonic. This play is no more sermonic than "Macbeth" or "Monna Vanna," but it goes deep enough into a human experience to define its moral issues. It has also this peculiarity among most plays, that it is extremely well written. There are lines in it which, having heard, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

auditor will not forget. The central figure, a French dramatist, Vavin by name, is beautifully interpreted by Mr. Nash, who contributes to the stage a notably fine impersonation.

THE EASTERN CHINESE RAILWAY

There has been much speculation in St. Petersburg with regard to the objects that Mr. Kokovtseff, the Russian Minister of Finance, had in view when he made the long trip to Harbin for the purpose of meeting Prince Ito. The explanation of his journey which seems to be most generally accepted is that he wished to investigate the affairs of the Eastern Chinese Railway, and to ascertain whether it would not be possible to sell it to Japan, to China, or to a syndicate of American capitalists, and thus relieve the Russian treasury of the expense of maintaining a line which has never been profitable, and which, since the Russo-Japanese War, has been a heavy burden to the State. It is said to be costing now over five million dollars a year for guards alone, to say nothing of operating expenses; and there is besides a very large leakage in the shape of graft and frauds, which it seems to be impossible to prevent. Russia's State-owned railways are nearly all unprofitable, and those in Asia especially fall far short of earning their running expenses. General Petroff, President of the Railway Commission, recently made a report in which he computed the Government's loss on its Asiatic railways in the last six years at over eighty-five million dollars, and on State-guaranteed private roads for the last twelve years at about twenty millions. Russia would probably prefer to sell the railway to a strong international syndicate or a syndicate of American capitalists; but if she has really and sincerely abandoned the "Manchurian adventure," and sees no prospect of using the road soon for strategic purposes, she might be willing to dispose of it to Japan. There seems to be no doubt in St. Petersburg that the objects of the proposed meeting between Mr. Kokovtseff and Prince Ito, which the bullet of the Korean assassin prevented, were economic rather than political.

THE NEW YORK CAMPAIGN
THE OUTCOME

Never has Tammany Hall suffered at the hands of the voters of New York City so stunning a blow as it received last week. It is true that Mr. Bannard, who was by far the best equipped of the three prominent candidates for the Mayoralty, who alone of the three devoted himself to a serious and human discussion of the issues before the people, who won a continually increasing measure of public confidence and honor with every day of the campaign, and was the choice of those who were most disinterested in their public-spirited hope for an able and efficient administration of the Mayor's office, was defeated. Nevertheless, the election of Mr. Gaynor, the Tammany candidate for Mayor, is not so important as the election to each of the other city offices, and to almost every county, borough, and important judicial office, of an anti-Tammany candidate. The result is that the administrative authority in the city government as a whole is intrusted to the man named by Tammany, but that the control of the finances of the whole city, as well as the administrative authority in the subdivisions of the city, has been wrested from Tammany Hall and given over to the Fusionists.

In order to understand the meaning of this election it is necessary to know something of the plan of New York City's government. Those administrative departments that concern the whole city—such as the Police, Street Cleaning, Bridge, and Fire Departments, the Department of Water, Gas, and Electricity, the Department of Health—are subordinate to the Mayor. The chiefs of these are appointed by him, are removable by him, and are responsible to him. On the other hand, the administrative affairs of the five boroughs which constitute the subdivisions of the city are under the control of the respective Borough Presidents. The Mayor, the five Borough Presidents, the Comptroller, and the President of the Board of Aldermen constitute a Board of Estimate and Apportionment. It is to this Board that the chief legislative duties, including the management of the city's finances, are intrusted. From this brief sketch it will be seen that the Fusion

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forces, united for the single purpose of securing sound municipal government, have secured control, not only of the financial management of the city, but of much of its administrative authority as well.

For the next four years, then, we shall see Tammany nominally in control of the Mayor's office and anti-Tammany in control of virtually all the rest of the government. What will this signify?

In the first place, it will signify an improvement in the management of the city as a business corporation. During these coming four years the city will have to spend about a billion dollars; it will have to build school-houses, construct subways, finish a huge aqueduct, and make many other material improvements. On the expenditure of that money Tammany had set its heart. With the hope of managing that expenditure, Tammany named a man for Mayor who had a reputation for independence, in order that under the shield of his name it might put its obedient followers into places of financial power. In that plan Tammany has been frustrated. Its past record of extravagance and faithlessness to its trusteeship has been too much for the voters of the city to tolerate. If Tammany had gained control of this money, it would have used it to punish its enemies and to reward its followers. Now that a non-partisan group of men have control, men who hate all that Tammany stands for, the temptation will be to use their power to punish Tammany and to reward those who have been Tammany's opponents. The people of the city have the right to expect that these men will not succumb to any such temptation. Men of the character of Mr. Prendergast, the Comptroller-elect, Mr. Mitchel, the President-elect of the Board of Aldermen, and Mr. McAneny, the President-elect of the Borough of Manhattan (who together with one other will have a majority of the votes in the Board) can be trusted to act solely for the public interest.

In the second place, the partnership which Tammany has maintained with the forces of vice in the city will be less effectual. The defeat of such minor Tammany nominees as G. F. Roesch, candidate for City Court Judge, and "Christy" Sullivan, candidate for Sheriff, is a rebuke for the open and shameless way in which Tammany leaders have profited by dealings with the worst element of a heterogeneous population. Not the least gratifying aspect of the election is, therefore, the fact that among the minor officials who will serve for the next four years there will be a distinct advance in character.

In the third place, through this election the cause of justice and sound administration of the law has won a victory. The triumph of ex-Judge Whitman, the Fusion candidate for District Attorney of New York County, and of the Fusion candidates for the Supreme Court Bench, not only relieves the courts of the suspicion of possible corruption and favoritism which would have followed a Tammany victory, but is a boon to the poor whose chief defense against those who prey on them is in the public prosecutor and the judge.

Finally, the result of the Mayoralty struggle is by no means a vindication of Tammany. Mr. Gaynor was elected by a minority. He was the choice of scarcely more than two out of every five voters, and received a smaller vote than any Tammany candidate since the creation of the greater city. Moreover, Mr. Gaynor, in spite of the fact that he not only accepted a Tammany nomination but pleaded for the election of his Tammany associates, cannot be depended upon to give Tammany any great satisfaction. This is partly because he has a record of doing the unexpected. Nevertheless, his election to the Mayor's chair gives justification for grave apprehension. His speeches during the campaign revealed a disposition to ignore facts for the sake of making a point, and a temperamental preference for government by sentiment rather than government by law. His unequivocal statements would lead one to expect an administration of the police which would have greater regard for the comfort of a suspected criminal than for the protection of the community. Mr. Gaynor has the chance to disappoint those who expect to profit by lax enforcement of the law and to win the approval of those who would like to see him co-operate with his elected associates in making the government of New York City renowned for its justice, its cleanliness, and its efficiency.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MR. CHESTERTON ON MR. SHAW

Many serious-minded people have been disturbed by Mr. George Bernard Shaw; largely, it may be suspected, because they could not understand what he was driving at; for it is quite evident, even to the slowest mind, that he is always driving at something. Audacity, wit, indifference to commonly accepted moral standards, a general aptitude for liking the things the average people are afraid of and saying things that scandalize the average person, are Mr. Shaw's stock in trade. He is extraordinarily brilliant even for an Irishman; but in the heart of his fun there is something bitter or corroding, and in this element those people who instinctively turn into every way that looks like a by-path have determined to find a consistent view of life and a social creed. They have read into a succession of immensely clever plays a moral and social propagandism and have turned Mr. Shaw's Irish jig into the dance of a religious devotee. This is not saying that Mr. Shaw is never serious; he is often very serious, and he has wonderful skill in hitting the tender spots in modern English society; but for the most part he is a "larky" writer, bent on getting all the fun that the conventional world in which he lives offers to a very clever Irishman. In "John Bull's Other Island" Mr. Shaw has no end of amusement with the English, but he does not finish his play without getting rare sport out of the Irish as well. He plays the game when the ball comes his way with entire indifference to sides and parties.

To put Mr. Chesterton on the trail of Mr. Shaw was not organizing a relief expedition for serious-minded people; to such folk Mr. Chesterton himself stands in sore need of a glass. But while Mr. Chesterton does not make Mr. Shaw so plain that the wayfaring man can overtake him, he has written a very entertaining book (John Lane), and, from time to time, he flashes a searchlight on his subject. He quotes Mr. Shaw—"I am a typical Irishman; my family came from Yorkshire"—as revealing the secret of the man; an Irish bull that shows the kind of Irishman Mr. Shaw is: an Irishman who has no rootage in Ireland, no saving contact with ancient soil and the venerable traditions; an Irishman detached from the wholesome inheritance of sentiment, habit, superstition, which keep brilliant but erratic men from flying out of their orbits across all other orbits. Incidentally it appears that Mr. Shaw was born in Dublin, July 26, 1856; that his father was an enthusiastic teetotaler in theory and an occasional drinker in practice; that he went to a Wesleyan school; that he tried a business career for four years, and embarked on the uncertain life of a writer in London; that hearing Moody and Sankey inspired him to send a letter to a London newspaper announcing that he was an atheist! Mr. Shaw is an example of the Irishman of splendid wit who is blind to some fundamental aspects of life which many of the duller folk of whom he makes game see so clearly that their sanity becomes a great sagacity. Mr. Shaw is an Irishman running amuck on the modern highway; a diverting spectacle so long as people understand that he is a little touched, not in his wits, but in his sight.

In a happier society, Mr. Chesterton thinks, Mr. Shaw's unworldliness would have made him a saint; but to become a saint one must have a certain *naïveté* or simplicity, and there is nothing naïve about the author of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and "Man and Superman," plays which mark the outermost limits of sophistication. It exacts a good deal of the imagination to think of Mr. Shaw as having the mind of a saint; it is much easier to accept the dictum that he is a Puritan; a queer kind, most certainly, and not recognizable from the Plymouth Bay standpoint, but a Puritan nevertheless from the Chestertonian standpoint. "A Puritan meant originally a man whose mind had no holidays. . . . You must praise God only with your brain; it is wicked to praise him with your passions or your physical habits or your gesture or instinct of beauty. . . . Our heads can praise God, but never our hands and feet." The English, Mr. Chesterton tells us, were always hearty and humane, and they made up their minds to be hearty in spite of the Puritans; the Scotch were always romantic, and they made up their minds to be romantic in spite of the Puritans;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the Protestant part of Ireland alone the fierce detachment of the true Puritan remains, and it is out of Protestant Ireland that Mr. Shaw came, with a mercilessly clear wit, no charity for the contradictions in life, and not a touch of that comprehension which makes room for opposites and is saved by humor.

When Mr. Shaw got into the social revolution in which we are all involved, he put his rapid-firing guns at the disposal of the iconoclasts wherever there was anything to aim at, and most things were within range; but he had a disconcerting way of firing into his own party whenever he swept the ranks of the enemy. He threw himself into the cause of the New Woman; but while others praised her as a prophetess he took the opportunity to curse and kick her as a comrade. "Almost every one of Shaw's earlier plays might be called an argument between a man and a woman, in which she is thumped and thrashed and outwitted until she admits that she is the equal of her conqueror. . . . Mr. Shaw said in substance, 'If we are democrats, let us have votes for women; but if we have votes for women, why on earth should we have any respect for women?'" He is so bent on getting at the fact without regard to wholesome processes and normal gradations that he is far more dangerous as a friend than as an enemy. He sees everything naked; there is no reverence, no sense of the value of tradition, of the wholesome uses of conventions, in him. A house is necessarily an artificial thing; therefore, Mr. Shaw seems to say, the house is humbug; we must all live out of doors. This is a bit of the Ibsen philosophy which reduces the big, fruitful, mysterious world to a crystalline glass globe in which everything is consistent and rational because it is so small and hard and brittle. Mr. Shaw is a shrewd hitter, but he is also a disintegrator, and Mr. Chesterton intimates that in taking the gilt off the gingerbread he destroys the gingerbread.

Mr. Chesterton touches the heart of Mr. Shaw's real blindness—the deep shadow at the center of a circle of dazzling brilliancy—when he points out his detachment from the common soil, out of which rise all deep affections and instinctive loyalties and noble irrationalities in which the joy and sweetness and greatness of life lie. He was born grown up. There is nothing of the child left in him, and therefore the Kingdom of Heaven, which lies all about us in the confusion of the world, is invisible to him. His mind has no penumbra; nothing lies in shadow; there is no exquisite gradation of colors; the world lies spread out like a mathematical chart in black and white. He is an illustration of the truth of that terrible maxim, "The cynic knows the price of everything and the value of nothing." He approaches fairy tales, not as if he were four, "but as folk-lore, as if he were forty. And he makes a big mistake about them which he would never have made if he had kept his birthday, and hung up his stockings, and generally kept alive within him the firelight of a home." That phrase hits the mark; it is the sense of homelessness in Mr. Shaw's plays that makes them so pathetic; it is absence of the warmth from the hearth which makes his light so cold and unilluminating.

Mr. Shaw, being a brilliant Irishman, has not only been immensely amusing but has incidentally told a great many secrets about modern life; he has hit many arbitrary conventions smashing blows; he has punctured many inflated types and causes; he has jeered effectively at the stupidity which applauds the immorality of the lie and shudders at the immorality of passion; he has shown the hardness and blindness of many reformers; he has torn some popular masks off the face of the devil, and made some modern forms of democracy unpopular; he has waged wholesome war on romantic and religious humbug, for he has the curious inconsistency of understanding the imitation where he least understands the real thing; he has shown that temperamental pessimism is as shallow as the optimism of good digestion. All these things Mr. Shaw has done, and has been many times diverting and amusing, for which let us be grateful; he has also furnished Mr. Chesterton material for a most entertaining book, full of illuminating phrases on many subjects. It is only when the followers of Mr. Shaw insist that he is a great teacher as well as a great wit that it is necessary to protest. Sooner or later Mr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shaw will take in hand these misguided people who try to make a Cause of him, and then we shall have the most resounding laugh he has yet evoked.

AN INCREDIBLE UNIVERSE

So much is said about the irrationality of faith by people who think that "faith is believing in things you know can't be true" that Miss Rowland's modest and telling book "The Right to Believe" (Houghton Mifflin Company) will hearten those the temperature of whose faith is sensitive to the chill of skepticism in the world about them. Miss Rowland's method is simple and effective: she shows how incredible everything is! The whole order of things is unbelievable; but there it stands quite obviously existing and moving to certain ends before our eyes. We might account for the brain, but the mind is really impossible; nevertheless, there it is; and, alien intruder as it seems in a purely material order, it is far and away the most potential and wonderful force in that world.

Of course God is incredible, just as love, service, fidelity, aspiration, and sacrifice are incredible in beings of such a material origin as men in a universe of matter; these are unbelievable things, and yet in them we live and move and have our being.

The life of man as we see it spread out before us in its tragic contradictions is incredible; nobody could possibly have imagined a world so morally incoherent. The human world as we see it is as incredible as the material world; but there it lies before us as obviously existent as the world of seas and continents. Is there any plan in it which would justify such a universe? Miss Rowland puts that question and the answer in a very striking way:

"But if we are determined to think through all possibilities without reserve, we must ask ourselves, 'What could have been the reason?' As we review the overpowering spectacle of the evolution of countless ages, the slow development of new forms and their apparent culmination in man, we are stupefied at the immensity of it all. Perhaps nothing is more astounding than that man—who so plainly is the outgrowth of lower forms, and whose organism bears the traces of the journey which it has traveled—suddenly turns his back on his past, and announces to the rest of creation: "I am like you, you have helped to make me, but I am not of you. We are akin, but you are not my creator. Your society is not enough, I must talk with my God." If we were watching the process of evolution from the outside, perhaps nothing would astonish us more than this. Where did man get this idea? How does he dare to make such an assertion, which his more humble forebears did not dream of? It would almost seem as if this were the moment for which God had been waiting. What could be a more valid reason for the long work of making a world of men than that finally the world should turn and assert its own divinity, and provide, not a problem alone, but a companion?"

This is an incredible solution; just as incredible as the idea that the Madonna should be the child of the children of the cave man; that out of the sin and misery of the world the Christ should arise and call himself the Son of God; that he should pass stainless through the evil paths worn by sin-stricken men, and breathe the air of the world for a generation, and die with a white soul, and then come forth out of the mystery and blackness of death and lift an army of weak men and women into a host of victorious spirits to whom the world was but the fashion of an hour in the light of the Father's smile.

Looking at the cave woman, the Madonna, the mother, is incredible; but the world is full of women who would lay down their lives for their children and die supremely happy. Looking at the cave man, the Christ is incredible. In like manner, and in no other way, God is incredible. It is unbelievable that this world should have so glorious a meaning and life should be such a piece of divine good fortune; but there is something much more incredible—that these things should not be true. Christ is the most incredible person in history; is there any other in whom it is so easy to believe, whom it is so easy to love?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SPECTATOR

"Very well," said the Spectator, "I'll go."

He yielded, because he suddenly felt the annoyance of being so grossly misunderstood. People are funny about that matter. Sometimes they like nothing better than to be misunderstood. The unjust condition furnishes them with a gentle grievance which they may cherish and with an inner conviction of martyrlike superiority which is wonderfully soothing. But then again they lose patience, and utterly despair of a world which is so stupid that it cannot take their point of view.

The question at issue had been mooted by the Spectator's married sister—of whom he is very fond.

"It is quite ridiculous!" thus she began, floating into his hermit abode, with her pretty airs and her dainty gown and her picture hat. "Here you sit moping off by yourself, apart from all the world, seeing no one, in touch with no sort of society, and you call it living! For my part, I do not see how you can hope to write any really good books that real men and women will care to read, if you don't know life better than this."

She thought she had the Spectator there. She sat back and folded her hands.

"But I do not mope," the Spectator objected, very courageously at first; "and I am not apart from all the world, and I have lots of society."

"Society!" The caressing voice took on a magnificent scorn. "What, for instance? Explain yourself."

"Well"—the Spectator selected examples of his sociable ways; he is really a very gregarious person—"yesterday old man Matthews walked over from the village and spent the entire afternoon smoking in front of the fire."

"Old man!" the scorn had a choking effect this time, and the Spectator's sister was reduced to silence. "Smoking!" she managed to murmur.

"Yes," the Spectator continued, treating the scorn as if it were, rather, a reasonable acquiescence; "smoking and talking. We talked a great deal, and he gave me some valuable ideas. He is an interesting old man."

"But, my dear, you don't really—"

"Why, yes, I do," the Spectator answered the eloquent pause. "Then, a few days ago, I had a long call from that journalist chap who turned up in the village. So far as books go, I could write an entire volume out of my one conversation with him. To-morrow I rather expect to go for a tramp with him."

"Oh, no, please, dear!" The Spectator's sister recovered her fluency in a moment, as the special point she had come to make was suddenly presented to her only to be withdrawn. She came and sat coaxingly on the arm of the Spectator's chair. "I want you to-morrow. It is Mrs. Templeton's day at home, and I have promised her that I will bring you to meet her. She is a delightful woman, really. You ought to know her; she writes, you know."

It was at this point that the Spectator sighed, gave up the hopeless controversy, and yielded so suddenly that his sister nearly fell off the arm of his chair.

"You darling!" she rewarded him.

The journalist chap presented himself early in the afternoon.

"No," said the Spectator, shaking his head and pointing to his polished boots and his gloves and his high hat ("Whew!" whistled the journalist chap), "I can't go with you this afternoon. I am going into society. I am going to meet some real men and women, and broaden my mental horizon a little, and extend my knowledge of the world."

"Oh!" assented the journalist chap. He did not seem in the least offended. His eyes twinkled understandingly. "Well, I'll be here when you come back, and you can pass on your knowledge to me."

"Good-by," said the Spectator sadly. "I think I never saw any one look so comfortable as you do."

It was a mighty day at home. The rooms were crowded to suffocation, and the babel of voices sounded far down the street. The Spectator was frightened.

"Don't you think," he appealed to his sister, as they forced themselves inside the door, "that the truest courtesy would be to go away and not add to the crowd?"

"Nonsense!" His sister laid her fingers on his arm, the better to secure him;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

then she proceeded to anchor him. "Miss Peterson, may I present my brother to you?" And so the game was on.

The Spectator did his best; he honestly thinks that he has no occasion for remorse as he looks back on that day. Since he had come here to increase his knowledge of human nature, he would increase it. With all his might he set himself to talk with his fellow-guests (sister-guests, more accurately) and get at their points of view on sundry vital subjects. Such as the tariff; such as the wonder and poetry of air-ships; such as the present hue and cry after happiness; such as the return of the essay. But, alas! nobody was willing to give him her point of view.

To be sure, it was hardly to be expected that any one should, when only five minutes was allowed to a conversation. The Spectator did not understand this conventional limit at first, and gave himself over with all his ears to the racy account of a lost and found purse which a pretty girl narrated. Since she did not care for the tariff, go to! her adventure was very interesting. When she had finished, the Spectator planned to tell her how he had once lost his first edition of "Elia" and found it again. But no sooner had he embarked on his leisurely story (the Spectator likes a story to move slowly) than he detected a restlessness in his companion's eye. She glanced over his shoulder once or twice, nodded to an acquaintance, held out her hand for a passing pressure, shifted her attitude, murmured, "Indeed?" so vaguely that the Spectator began to grow indignant. Was this the "well-bred manner" they talk so much about? But in a few moments he discovered that the fault was really his, his the slip in manners. His sister descended upon him, reproach in her eyes, and bore him away.

"How could you? I do believe you would have monopolized her all the afternoon!"

"Monopolized her?" the Spectator stammered. "Why, we had only just begun to talk. I had not had a chance to say anything yet."

After this mortifying event he changed his tactics. Since five minutes (as his sister told him) was a long enough time to talk with any one person, he would try striking straight for the center on introduction.

"How do you do, Miss Henderson? What do you think about the effort the world is making to be happy nowadays!"

But this method did not succeed either. Nobody thought it would! The attempt was a choice of evils with him. Better a desperate try at something really good than a weak bandying of the commonplace. Miss Henderson took an adroit departure before the five minutes was nearly up, and the Spectator found himself entirely deserted. His sister's eye was not on him, either; excellent! He slipped into a corner and gave himself up to a silent, detached observation of the shifting throng. Here at last he began to recover and enjoy himself. His paralyzed faculties awoke and reported notes and comments to him fit to be packed up and carried home to the journalist chap. He was having really a very good time, finding stores of profit and interest, when the eyes of his hostess, sweeping the rooms, lighted upon him. At once she came forward. To talk with him? Indeed, no! What time had she to spare from her arduous duties? She came to rescue him from his stranded condition.

"Mr. Spectator, I want you to meet a dear friend of mine. Won't you come this way?"

Well, it was all over by and by. The Spectator took his sister home, saying very little. There was no need for utterance on his part, his sister was so eloquent in her triumphant satisfaction.

"Now, at last, you are going to have some real society."

But when the Spectator stood on his hearth, with the journalist chap looking up at him from the depths of the easy-chair, he took off his gloves and dropped one neatly under the bookcase and the other behind the back-log. Then he put on his slippers and his old coat and ordered supper for two. And not until midnight did the talk and the laughter and argument cease before that blazing fire.

"No," said the Spectator, seeing his friend out into the starlit darkness, "I am afraid I can never have real society."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEGRO'S PLACE IN AMERICAN LIFE

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

THE SIXTH ARTICLE IN THE STORY OF THE NEGRO

ONE of the most striking and interesting things about the American Negro, and one which has impressed itself upon my mind more and more in the course of the preparation of these articles, is the extent to which the black man has interwined his life with that of the people of the white race about him. While it is true that hardly any other race of people that has come to this country has remained in certain respects so separate and distinct a part of the population as the Negro, it is also true that no race that has come to this country has so woven its life into the life of the people about it. No race has shared to a greater extent in the work and activities of the original settlers of the country, or has been more closely related to them in interest, in sympathy, and in sentiment than the Negro race.

In fact, there is scarcely any enterprise of any moment that has been undertaken by a member of the white race in which the Negro has not had some part. In all the great pioneer work of clearing forests and preparing the way for civilization the Negro, as I have tried to point out, has had his part. In all the difficult and dangerous work of exploration of the country the Negro has invariably been the faithful companion and helper of the white man.

Negroes seem to have accompanied nearly all the early Spanish explorers. Indeed, it has even been conjectured that Negroes came to America before Columbus, carried hither by trade winds and ocean currents, coming from the west coast of Africa. At any rate, one of the early historians, Peter Martyr, mentions "a region in the Darien district of South America where Balboa, the illustrious discoverer of the Pacific Ocean, found a race of black men who were conjectured to have come from Africa and to have been shipwrecked on this coast."

It is said that the first ship built along the Atlantic coast was constructed by the slaves of Vasquez de Ayllon, who, one hundred years before the English landed there, attempted to found a Spanish settlement on the site of what was later Jamestown, Virginia. There were thirty Negroes with the Spanish discoverer Balboa, and they assisted him in building the first ship that was constructed on the Pacific coast of America. Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, had three hundred Negro slaves with him in 1522, the year in which he was chosen Captain-General of New Spain, as Mexico was then called; and it is asserted that the town of Santiago del Principe was founded by Negro slaves who had risen in insurrection against their Spanish masters.

In the chronicles of the ill-starred Coronado expedition of 1540, which made its way from Mexico as far north as Kansas and Nebraska, it is mentioned that a Negro slave of Hernando de Alarcon was the only member of the party who would undertake to carry a message from the Rio Grande across the country to the Zuñis in New Mexico, where Alarcon hoped to find Coronado and open communication with him.

I have referred elsewhere to the story of Estevan, "little Steve," a companion of Panfilo Narvaez in his exploration of Florida in 1527, who afterward went in search of the seven fabulous cities which were supposed to be located somewhere in the present State of Arizona, and discovered the Zuñi Indians.

Negroes accompanied De Soto on his march through Alabama in 1540. One of these Negroes seems to have liked the country, for he remained and settled among the Indians not far from Tuskegee, and became in this way the first settler of Alabama. Coming down to a later date, a Negro servant accompanied William Clark, of the Lewis and Clark expedition, which in 1804 explored the sources of the Missouri River and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gained for the United States the Oregon country. Negroes were among the first adventurers who went to look for gold in California; and when John C. Fremont, in 1848, made his desperate and disastrous attempt to find a pathway across the Rockies, he was accompanied by a Negro servant named Saunders.

Recently, in looking over the pages of the National Geographical Magazine, I ran across an article giving an account of Peary's trip farthest north. Among the pictures illustrating that article I noticed the laughing face of a black man. The picture was the more striking because the figure of this black man was totally incased in the snow-white fur of a polar bear. I learned that this was the picture of Matthew Henson, the companion of Peary in his most famous expedition to reach the Pole. Just now, as I am writing this, I learn from the newspapers that Peary claims he has reached the North Pole, and that Matthew Henson was his companion on this last and most famous journey.

One reason why the Negro is found so closely associated with the white man in all his labors and adventures is that, with all his faults, the Negro seldom betrays a specific trust. Even the individual who does not always clearly distinguish between his own property and that of his neighbor, when a definite thing of value is intrusted to him, in nine cases out of ten will not betray that trust. This is a trait that characterizes the Negro wherever he is found. I have heard Sir Harry H. Johnston, the African explorer, use almost exactly the same words, for example, in describing the characteristics of the native African.

Some years ago I was traveling through central Alabama, and I chanced to stop at a cross-roads country store. While I was talking with the storekeeper a colored man who lived some distance away chanced to pass by. It happened that the merchant had a considerable sum of money which he wanted to send to one of his friends some miles distant. He called the colored man into the store and put the money into his hands with the request that he deliver it to his friend as he passed by the house on his road home. My attention was attracted by this transaction, and I asked the white merchant how it was that he was willing to intrust so large a sum of money to this particular colored man. My question brought out the fact that the merchant did not even know the name of the man to whom he had intrusted this money. He was familiar with his face, knew that he had lived in the neighborhood for a number of years, and felt quite secure in putting the money in his hands to carry to its destination.

In explanation the merchant told me that in all his experience in dealing with colored people in that neighborhood he had never been deceived when he asked one of them to perform some specific act which involved direct personal responsibility. He went on to say that while the man to whom he had given this money, if the opportunity offered itself, might yield to the temptation of pilfering, he still felt perfectly sure that the money he had intrusted to him would be delivered in exactly the shape in which it had been turned over.

It is a common thing in the South for the heads of the household to leave home and be away for weeks, and even months, without a single thing of value in the house being left under lock and key. In such cases Southern white people are willing to intrust, apparently, all their property to the care of Negro servants. In spite of this fact, I have rarely heard of a case of this kind in which the Negro servants have proved dishonest. I very seldom go into any Southern city that some banker or retail or wholesale merchant does not introduce me to some individual Negro to whom he has intrusted all that is valuable in connection with his banking or mercantile business.

I have already referred to the part that the Negro took in the wars which were fought to establish, defend, and maintain the United States. One of the soldiers of the Revolutionary War who afterward distinguished himself in a remarkable way was the Rev. Lemuel Haynes, and, as I have not mentioned him elsewhere, I will do so here. Lemuel Haynes was born in West Hartford, Connecticut, in 1753. In 1775 he joined the Colonial army, as a minuteman, at Roxbury, Massachusetts, having volunteered for the Ticonderoga expedition. At the close of the war he settled in Granville, New York, where he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

worked on a farm, meanwhile studying for the ministry. By some means or other he succeeded in securing an exceptionally good education. In 1785 he was offered a position as a minister to a white congregation in Torrington, Connecticut. As there was objection from some members of the congregation on account of his color, he removed to Rutland, Vermont, where he served as a minister from 1787 to 1817. In 1818 he went to Manchester, New Hampshire. It was while there that he made himself famous by opposing the execution of the Boone brothers, who had been condemned to death for murdering an insane man. He visited the brothers in the prison, and, having listened to their story, became convinced of their innocence, whereupon he took up their defense in the face of violent opposition. In spite of his efforts, they were convicted, but a few days before their execution the man they were supposed to have killed, Louis Calvin, returned alive to his home. At that time people generally believed it was the colored minister's prayers that brought him back.

In 1822 Mr. Haynes returned to his former home at Granville, where he continued to preach until his death. He is most widely known for his "sermon against Universalism," which he preached in opposition to Hosea Ballou. This sermon, which was preached impromptu and without notes, created a great impression. It was afterward published and circulated widely all over the United States and in some parts of Europe. Lemuel Haynes died in Granville in 1832. He was, so far as I know, the first colored Congregational minister.

During the Civil War there were several Negro officers appointed to take charge of the Negro troops, and immediately after the war several Negroes were admitted to West Point. Three of these were graduated. The only one of these now in the service is First Lieutenant Charles Young, who was Major of the Ninth Ohio Battalion, United States Volunteers, in the Spanish-American War.

Negro soldiers took a more prominent part in the Spanish-American War than in any previous wars of the United States. In the first battle in Cuba the Tenth Cavalry played an important part in coming to the support, at a critical moment, of the Rough Riders under Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, at the battle of Las Guasimas.

The Twenty-fifth Infantry took a prominent part in the battle of El Caney. It is claimed by Lieutenant-Colonel A. D. Daggett that the Twenty-fifth Regiment caused the surrender of the stone fort at El Caney, which was the key to all the other positions in that battle for the possession of San Juan. Eight men of this regiment were given certificates of gallantry for their part in the battle of San Juan Hill. The other Negro regiments which took part in these battles were the Ninth Cavalry and the Twenty-fourth Infantry, both of which did heroic service in the famous battle for the crest of San Juan Hill.

What impresses me still more, however, is the part which these black soldiers played after the battle was over, when they were called to remain and nurse the sick and wounded in the malarial-haunted camp at Siboney, at a time when the yellow fever had broken out in the army.

To engage in this service required another and a higher kind of courage, and I can perhaps give no better idea of the way in which this service was performed by these black soldiers than to repeat here the account given by Stephen Bonsal in his story of the fight for the possession of Santiago. He says:

> The Twenty-fourth Infantry was ordered down to Siboney to do guard duty. When the regiment reached the yellow fever hospital, it was found to be in a deplorable condition. Men were dying there every hour for lack of proper nursing. Major Markley, who had commanded the regiment since July 1, drew his regiment up in line and Dr. La Garde, in charge of the hospital, explained the needs of the suffering, at the same time clearly setting forth the danger for men who were not immune of nursing and attending yellow fever patients. Major Markley then said that any man who wished to volunteer to nurse in the yellow fever hospital could step forward. The whole regiment stepped forward. Sixty men were selected from the volunteers to nurse, and within forty-eight hours forty-two of these brave fellows were down, seriously ill with yellow or pernicious malarial fever.
>
> Again the regiment was drawn up in line, and again Major Markley said that nurses were needed, and that any man who wished to do so could volunteer. After the object-lesson which the men had received in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

last few days of the danger from contagion to which they would be exposed, it was now necessary for Dr. La Garde to again warn the brave blacks of the terrible contagion. When the request for volunteers to replace those who had already fallen in the performance of their dangerous and perfectly optional duty was made again, the regiment stepped forward as one man.

When sent down from the trenches, the regiment consisted of eight companies averaging about forty men each. Of those who remained on duty the forty days spent in Siboney, only twenty-four escaped without serious illness, and of this handful not a few succumbed to fever on the voyage home and after their arrival at Montauk. As a result thirty-six died and about forty were discharged from the regiment owing to disabilities resulting from sickness which began in the yellow fever hospital.

I have described the manner in which the Negro has adapted his own life to that of the people around him, uniting his interests and his sympathies with those of the dominant white race. Perhaps I should say a word here of the way in which he has managed to keep his life separate and to prevent friction in his dealings with the other portions of the community. Few white people, I dare say, realize what the Negro has to do, to what extent he has been compelled to go out of his way, to avoid causing trouble and prevent friction.

For example, in one large city, I know of a business place in which there is a cigar-stand, a bootblacking-stand, a place for cleaning hats, and a barber shop, all in one large room. Any Negro can, without question, have his hat cleaned, his boots blacked, or buy a cigar in this place, but he cannot take a seat in the barber's chair. The minute he should do this he would be asked to go somewhere else.

The Negro must, at all hazard and in all times and places, avoid crossing the color line. It is a little difficult, however, sometimes to determine upon what principle this line is drawn. For instance, customs differ in different parts of the same town, as well as in different parts of the country at large. In one part of a town a Negro may be able to get a meal at a public lunch-counter, but in another part of the same town he cannot do so. Conditions differ widely in the different States. In Virginia a Negro is expected to ride in a separate railway coach; in West Virginia he can ride in the same coach with the white people. In one Southern city Negroes can enter the depot, as they usually do, by the main entrance; in another Southern city there is a separate entrance for colored people. While in one Southern city the Negro is allowed to take his seat in the main waiting-room, he will be compelled at another depot in the same city to go into a separate waiting-room. In some cities the Negro is allowed to go without question into the theater; in other cities he either cannot enter the theater at all or he has a separate place assigned to him.

In all these different situations, somehow or other, the Negro manages to comport himself so as rarely to excite comment or cause trouble.

He often hears the opinion expressed that the Negro should keep his place or that he is "all right in his place." People who make use of these expressions seldom understand how difficult it is, considering the different customs in different parts of the country, to find out just what his place is. I might give further illustrations of this fact. In the Southern States the Negro is rarely allowed to enter a public library. In certain parts of the United States the Negro is allowed to enter the public high school, but he is forbidden to enter the grammar school where white children are taught. In one city the Negro may sit anywhere he pleases in the street car; in another city, perhaps not more than twenty miles away, he is assigned to special and separate seats. In one part of the country the Negro may vote freely; in another part of the country, perhaps across the border of another State, he is not expected to vote at all.

As illustrating the ability of the Negro to avoid the rocks and shoals which he is likely to meet in traveling about the country and still manage to get what he wants, I recall an experience of a colored man with whom I was traveling through South Carolina some time ago. This man was very anxious to reach the railway train, and had only a few minutes in which to do so. He hailed, naturally enough, the first hackman he saw, who happened to be a white man. The white man told him that it was not his custom to carry Negroes in his carriage. The colored man,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not in the last disturbed, at once replied: "That's all right, we will fix that; you get in the carriage and I'll take the front seat and drive you." This was done, and in a few minutes they reached the depot, in time to catch the train. The colored man handed the white man twenty-five cents and departed. Both were satisfied, and the color line was preserved.

The facts I have detailed serve to illustrate some of the difficulties that the colored man has in the North as well as in the South, with the present unsettled conditions as to his position in the community. The Negro suffers some other disadvantages living in the midst of a people from whom he is so different, with whom he is so intimately associated, and from whom he is, at the same time, so distinctly separate.

In living in the midst of seventy millions of the most highly civilized people of the world the Negro has the opportunity to learn much that he could not learn in a community where the people were less enlightened and less progressive. On the other hand, it is a disadvantage to him that his progress is constantly compared to the progress of a people who have the advantage of many centuries of civilization, while the Negro has for only a little more than forty years been a free man. If the American Negro, with his present degree of advancement, were living in the midst of a civilization such as exists to-day in Asia or in the south of Europe, the gap between him and the people by whom he is surrounded would not then be so wide, and he would receive credit for the progress that he has already made.

In speaking of the progress of the Negro in America, I want to refer to a letter, published in Virginia in 1801, addressed to a member of the General Assembly of Virginia. This letter, which in many respects is a remarkable document, is supposed to have been written by the Honorable Judge Tucker, and was occasioned by a slave conspiracy which greatly disturbed the people of Virginia about that time. This letter is, in part, as follows:

> There is often a progress in human affairs which may indeed be retarded, but which nothing can arrest. Moving with slow and silent steps, it is marked only by comparing distant periods. The causes which produce it are either so minute as to be invisible, or, if perceived, are too numerous and complicated to be subject to human control. Of such a sort is the advancement of knowledge among the Negroes of this country. It is so striking as to be obvious to a man of most ordinary observation. Every year adds to the number of those who can read and write; and he who has made any proficiency in letters becomes a little center of instruction to others.
>
> This increase of knowledge is the principal agency in evolving the spirit we have to fear.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> In our infant country, where population and wealth increase with unexampled rapidity, the progress of liberal knowledge is proportionately great. In this vast march of the mind, the blacks, who are far behind us, may be supposed to advance at a pace equal to our own; but, sir, the fact is, they are likely to advance faster; the growth and multiplication of our towns tend in a thousand ways to enlighten and inform them. The very nature of our government, which leads us to recur perpetually to the discussion of natural rights, favors speculation and inquiry. By way of marking the prodigious change which a few years has made among this class of men, compare the late conspiracy with the revolt under Lord Dunmore. In the one case, a few solitary individuals flocked to that standard under which they were sure to find protection; in the other, they, in a body, of their own accord, combine a plan for asserting their claims, and rest their safety on success alone. The difference is, then they sought freedom merely as a good; now they also claim it as a right. This comparison speaks better than volumes the change I insist on.
>
> But, sir, this change is progressive. A little while ago their minds were enveloped in darkest ignorance; now the dawn of knowledge is faintly perceived and warns us of approaching day. Of the multitude of causes which tend to enlighten the blacks I know not one whose operation we can materially check. Here, then, is the true picture of our situation. Nor can we make it less hideous by shutting our eyes to it. These, our hewers of wood and drawers of water, possess the physical power to do us mischief and are invited to do it by motives which self-love dictates and reason justifies. Our sole security consists, then, in their ignorance of this power and of their means of using it—a security which we have lately found was not to be relied upon, and which, small as it now is, every day diminishes.

I have quoted this letter at some length because it seems to me to describe, in a very remarkable way, the process and the method by which the Negro masses have advanced, slowly but steadily before emancipation, more rapidly but not less steadily since.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The story of the American Negro has been one of progress from the first. While there have been times when it seemed the race was going backward, this backward movement has been temporal, local, or merely apparent. On the whole, the Negro has been and is moving forward everywhere and in every direction.

In speaking of his experiences in the South, Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, whose articles on Southern conditions are in many respects the best and most informing that have been written since Olmsted's famous "Journey in the Seaboard Slave States," said that before he came into the South he had been told that in many sections of the country the Negro was relapsing into barbarism. He, of course, was very anxious to find these places and see for himself to what extent the Negro had actually gone backward. Before leaving New York he was told that he would find the best example of this condition in the lowlands and rice-fields of South Carolina and Georgia. He visited these sections of South Carolina and Georgia, but he did not find any traces of the barbarism that he expected to see. He did find, however, that colored people in that part of the country were, on the whole, making progress. This progress was slow, but it was in a direction away from and not toward barbarism.

In South Carolina he was told that the people in that part of the country had not gone back into barbarism, but if he would go to the sugar-cane regions of Louisiana he would find the conditions among the Negroes as bad as in any other part of the United States. He went to Louisiana, and again he found, not barbarism, but progress. There he was told that he would find what he was looking for in the Yazoo Delta of the Mississippi. In Mississippi he was told that if he went into Arkansas he would not be disappointed. He went to Arkansas, but there, also, he found the colored people engaged in buying land, building churches and schools, and trying to improve themselves. After that he came to the conclusion that the Negro was not relapsing into barbarism.

The Negro is making progress at the present time as he made progress in slavery times. There is, however, this difference: In slavery the progress of the Negro was a menace to the white man. The security of the white master depended upon the ignorance of the black slave. In freedom the security and happiness of each race depend, to a very large extent, on the education and the progress of the other. The problem of slavery was to keep the Negro down; the problem of freedom is to raise him up.

The story of the Negro, in the last analysis, is simply the story of the man who is farthest down; as he raises himself he raises every other man who is above him.

In concluding this narrative I ought to say, perhaps, that if in what I have written I seem to have emphasized the successes of the Negro rather than his failures, and to have said more about his achievements than about his hardships, it is because I am convinced that these things are more interesting and more important. To me the history of the Negro people in America seems like the story of a great adventure in which, for my own part, I am glad to have had a share. So far from being a misfortune, it seems to me that it is a rare privilege to have part in the struggles, the plans, and the ambitions of ten millions of people who are making their way from slavery to freedom.

At the present time the Negro race is, so to speak, engaged in hewing its path through the wilderness. In spite of its difficulties there are a novelty and a zest as well as an inspiration in this task that few who have not shared it can appreciate. In America the Negro race, for the first time, is face to face with the problem of learning to till the land intelligently; of planning and building permanent and beautiful homes; of erecting school-houses and extending school terms; of experimenting with methods of instruction and adapting them to the needs of the Negro people; of organizing churches, building houses of worship, and preparing ministers. In short, the Negro in America to-day is face to face with all the fundamental problems of modern civilization, and for each of these problems he has, to some extent, to find a solution of his own. The fact that in his case this is peculiarly difficult only serves to make the problem peculiarly interesting.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We have hard problems, it is true, but instead of despairing in the face of the difficulties we should, as a race, thank God that we have a problem. As an individual I would rather belong to a race that has a great and difficult task to perform than be a part of a race whose pathway is strewn with flowers. It is only by meeting and facing manfully hard, stubborn, and difficult problems that races, like individuals, are in the highest degree made strong.

THE ENJOYMENT OF MUSIC

THE PERCEPTION OF MUSICAL FORM

BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

IN a former article[1] we studied the methods by which the musician builds his tones into phrases, his phrases into tunes—processes which may be compared to the writer's building of words into sentences and sentences into paragraphs. With the paragraph literary composition does not, however, stop. Paragraphs must still be combined in the whole discourse. And musical composition, save in its more primitive stages, does not stop with the single melody. However charming a composer's themes may be, we do not acknowledge him a master unless he can build them into a complete musical discourse, a "piece" or "movement," of which the structure is both simple enough to be clear, and complex enough to be interesting.

That the composition of small elements is a good deal easier than that of elements themselves complex, is shown not only by the fact that there are certain composers, as, for example, Grieg and Chopin, who, while they succeed admirably in the former, often fail in the latter, but also by the cognate fact that many *listeners*, perfectly capable of grasping a melody, cannot, as we say expressively, "make head nor tail" of a symphony, which is nothing but an organism of melodies. Such listeners are very apt to retort upon the symphony in the manner of the fox upon the inaccessible grapes. They pronounce it, not perhaps sour, but "dry." They forget that beauty "lies in the eye of the beholder," and "in the ear of the hearer." Form is to music a good deal what plot is to a story: it is the order in which things happen. If they are too inattentive or too forgetful to observe and remember this order, they cannot expect to feel the full force of the musical drama. The only remedy is to listen more carefully, and to analyze "specimens" in order to learn what to expect.

Now there is no limit to the number of ways in which tunes may be built up into complete pieces, and if we were to try to examine them all in detail it would be like trying to describe all the horses in the world in detail—just how long each one's tail was, and how many hairs he had on his left ear. But fortunately that is not necessary in order to get a good working idea of a horse; and no more is it necessary to describe all pieces in order to get a good working idea of musical form. All that is needed is a description of certain general qualities that we find in all horses, or pieces, as the case may be. However much horses' tails may differ in length, we find that every horse has, for example, four legs that "match;" a horse with legs that did not match would tip over, and a horse that could not stand up would be a pretty poor apology for a horse. In the same way, in spite of the thousand small differences in pieces of music, we find that all the great composers have agreed on certain general ways of writing, the neglect of which would make their pieces either monotonous or hotchpotch;

[1] See "The Syntax of Melody" in The Outlook for November 6.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and monotonous or hotchpotch music is as bad as a horse that cannot stand up.

The most convenient way to see what these ways of writing are is to imagine that we ourselves are composing a piece of music. Let us suppose, then, that a musical idea, a short motive of several tones, has occurred to us. What shall we do with it? First, of course, we shall add more to it until it makes a phrase; and we shall make other phrases somewhat like it, that balance it. In this way we can build up a short melody. Then will come the question, What next? It would be tiresome to repeat it immediately; we want a change—something new; why not write another tune on a different motive? And as we are trying for contrast, let us also use another key, though one not too far away.[1]

Here are our two tunes, now; shall we keep on and write a third? As that might seem rather wandering, it would be better to go back and have the first tune over again; this will satisfy our craving for unity, both of idea or musical motive and of key. In this way we get a complete little piece, consisting of first tune or Statement, second tune or Contrast, and first tune over again or Restatement. This is, as a matter of fact, exactly the way the phrases are arranged in such a tune as "Nearer, My God, to Thee;" but instead of building phrases into a tune we are now building tunes into a complete piece. The fact that the arrangement is the same shows how deep-seated in our minds is the desire for Variety in Unity, which this arrangement satisfies more easily and simply than any other. So natural is it to arrange musical thoughts in this way that this Three-part Form or Three-part Song-form, as it is called, is found in thousands of songs, dances, operatic arias, and instrumental pieces.

Looking at our little piece more carefully, one or two changes occur to us. Rather than have the first Part come to so complete a stop, we may prefer to have it "modulate" to the key in which the second is to be, thus binding the two more closely together. Or, again, we may deem it unnecessary to repeat the whole of the first Part after the second, finding it better to shorten and combine the second and third Parts. In that case the first idea will not be so definitely repeated, but its ending will be kept, and will give the needed impression of unity. Our piece will then consist of only two instead of three parts, of which the second begins in the key of contrast, but modulates back to the home key, and ends there with the same "cadence" (ending-passage) that we heard in the first. This Two-part Form is also popular with composers of all times and countries.

If our piece is now too short to please us, all we have to do is to apply again the same plan, and write a second piece, in either Two- or Three-part Form, which will serve as a contrast to the first, after which we can repeat it. For this we shall naturally choose some other key of contrast than that already used. This plan gives us the form used in hundreds of minuets, from those of the eighteenth century down to those found in modern sonatas and symphonies. The second piece in the minuet is often marked "Trio" or "Minuet II," and at the end of it is written "Minuet da capo"—that is, the minuet (first piece) to be played again "from the beginning."

Mozart, Haydn, and the other composers of the eighteenth century wrote many examples of this form in the Minuets of their symphonies. With Beethoven the Minuet (and its relative the Scherzo) kept the same general outline, but took on larger proportions; and sometimes he repeated the Trio again after the "Da capo;" and ended with the first minuet played for the third time. Schumann, taking a hint from this, occasionally used his minuet three times, but made a new and different trio for his second contrast. In spite of all these changes, the idea underlying the minuet is always that of presenting short tunes so that they will contrast well, and of binding them together by repeating the first at the end.

But there is another way of getting variety besides changing the tune. Keeping the same tune, we can repeat it several times, *each time with a different accompaniment.* If, for instance, we have first used solid chords for it, the second time we will have a rippling figure, the third time staccato chords, the fourth time scales

[1] The nearest keys are those that have the most tones in common.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and runs, and so on as long as we care to keep it up. This is what is called making Variations on a theme, and has always been popular; composers like it because it calls all their ingenuity into play, performers like it because the rapid passages give them a chance to "show off," and audiences like it because it is easy to follow, the theme remaining the same throughout.

The chief fault of the Theme and Variation form is that unless it is most cleverly managed it grows monotonous, since the contrast is all in the dress which the theme is made to wear, and not a bit in the theme itself. It is a musical masquerade in a hundred different costumes—the person under the disguise is always the same. What would interest us far more than such changes in the *outside* of the music would be a real *inward* change—a growth and development in the melodies themselves.

And so the most interesting of all musical forms, when we rightly understand them, are neither those in which tunes are merely repeated one after another, as in the song-forms and minuet, nor those in which a single tune is ornamented, as in variations, but rather those in which the melodies are like seeds, from which grow, gradually, and by a law of their own nature, the most rare and beautiful plants. Of all the kinds of study which music offers, perhaps the most fascinating is this tracing of a long movement of a sonata or symphony back to a few short motives of half a dozen tones each, out of which it has grown as slowly and surely as "great oaks from little acorns grow."

Once composers had learned how to develop their themes in this way, it was easy to make pieces much longer and more interesting than minuets; and there grew up for such longer pieces a good many different forms, of which the most important were the sonata-form and the rondo. It is not necessary to go into details of these forms here; they are to be found in any text-book of form; the important thing for us to notice is that they are built, just like the smaller forms, on the scheme of statement, contrast, and restatement. This simple and natural scheme is applied both to the order of the themes or melodies, and to the order of the keys used (beginning in the home-key, modulating more or less widely in the middle, and returning home at the end), and can be traced in a Beethoven symphony quite as clearly as in a Mozart minuet. The difference is that in the larger works there are more separate themes, each theme is longer, and all are developed more thoroughly. The *dimensions* are greater, but the *shape* is the same.

The greatest masters of form, like Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, are those who succeed in combining the most contrasting melodies, rhythms, and keys in such a way that they clearly *belong together* and we feel that we could not take out a single block without bringing down the whole house. To make music so perfect in form as this is the most difficult of all the tasks of the composer; it is comparatively easy to give a short tune enough variety to keep it from becoming monotonous; but in giving a symphony plenty of variety, you will make it a mere bundle of fragments unless you are a really great artist.

Moreover (and this is what is particularly important to us as listeners), the larger forms are not only harder than the smaller to write, they are also much harder to hear. A piece of music is never given to us all at once, in a single instant of time, as a picture or a statue is; it is doled out to us bit by bit; when we get to the middle of even the shortest tune we can no longer hear the beginning, and when we get to the end we can no longer hear the middle. We *hear* nothing but single tones, one at a time; only by *remembering* them and connecting in our minds what we remember with what we now hear do we grasp the tune, which is a line rather than a series of dots. Therefore, the longer a melody is the more of a strain is put upon our memory to hear it *as* a melody. We are likely, especially if our ears are inattentive or untrained, to forget the beginning before we hear the end. In this case we no more hear the melody than we should see a picture of which we covered up one half while we looked at the other.

If this is the case with a short melody, how much more with a movement from a sonata or symphony lasting ten or fifteen

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

minutes! Here we have to listen to and remember half a dozen different themes, to notice the changes made in each as it is developed, and to recognize any one when it is repeated, after a space of several minutes filled with other things. Only in this way can we get a clear picture of the beautiful panorama of tones that has been unrolled before our ears. It is easy to see why so many of us enjoy a simple tune, and so few a symphony of Beethoven. Most of us have never trained our musical memories enough to grasp the symphony—we don't really perceive its shape at all, any more than a fly walking on an orange perceives that it is round.

But is it worth while, you ask, to work one's memory so hard, simply in order to feel the shape of a piece of music? Why not just enjoy the separate tunes, one after another, as they come along? Well, you would only have to push that idea one step further to ask: why feel the shape of even a short tune, why not just enjoy the separate notes, one after another, as they come along? And this is doubtless as far as some people ever get toward enjoying music. Like Charles Lamb, they are "sentimentally disposed to harmony, but organically incapable of a tune." But if you can grasp a tune you will surely insist that your pleasure in music is keener than theirs. Why not make it as much keener again, by learning to grasp a whole group of tunes?

THE GROOMING OF THE FARM

BY ELISABETH WOODBRIDGE

THERE is a story about an artist who espied a picturesque old man and wished to paint him. At the time appointed the model arrived—newshaven, new-washed, freshly attired, with all the delicious and incommunicable flavor of the years irretrievably lost! Doubtless there are many such stories; doubtless the thing has happened many, many times. And I am sorrier for the artist now than I used to be, because it is happening to me.

Only it is not an old man—it is the farm, the blessed old farm, unkempt, unshorn, out at the elbows. In spite of itself, in spite of me, in spite of everybody, the farm is being groomed.

It is nobody's fault, of course. Like most hopelessly disastrous things, it has all been done with the best possible intentions, perhaps it has even been necessary, but it is none the less deplorable.

It began, I think, with the sheds. They had in ages past been added one after another by a method of almost unconscious accretion, as the chambered nautilus makes his shell. They looked as if they had been, not exactly built, but rather laid together in the desultory, provisional fashion of the farmer, and held by an occasional nail, or the natural adhesion of the boards themselves. They leaned confidingly against the great barn and settled comfortably among the bare faces of rock in the barnyard, as if they had always been there, as, indeed, they had been there longer than any one now living can remember. Neither they nor the barn had ever been painted, and they had all weathered to a silver-gray—not the gray of any paint or stain ever made, but the gray that comes only to certain kinds of wood when it has lived out in the rain and the sunshine for fifty, seventy, a hundred years. It is to an old building what white hair is to an old lady. And as not all white hair is beautiful, so not all gray buildings are beautiful. But these were beautiful. When it rained, they grew dark and every knot-hole showed. When the sun came out and baked them dry, they paled to silver, and the smooth, rain-worn grooves and hollows of the boards glistened like a rifle-barrel.

The sheds were, I am afraid, not very useful. One, they said, had been built to hold plows, another for turkeys, another for ducks. One, the only one that was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hen-tight, we used for the incarceration of confirmed "setters," and it thus gained the title of "Durance Vile." The rest were nameless, the abode of cobwebs and rats and old grain-bags and stolen nests and surprise broods of chickens, who dropped through cracks between loose boards and had to be extracted by Jonathan with much difficulty. Perhaps it was this that set him against them. At all events, he decided that they must go. I protested faintly, trying to think of some really sensible argument.

"But Durance Vile," I said. "We need that. Where shall we put the setters?"

"No, we don't. That isn't the way to treat setters, anyway. They should be cooped and fed on meat."

"I suppose you read that in one of those agricultural experiment station pamphlets," I said. Many things that I consider disasters on the farm can be traced to one or another of these little pamphlets, and when a new one arrives I regard it with resignation but without cordiality.

The sheds went, and I missed them. Possibly the hens missed them too. They wandered thoughtfully about the barnyard, stepping rather higher than usual, cocking their heads and regarding me with their red-rimmed eyes as if they were cluckfully conjuring up old associations. Did they remember Durance Vile? Perhaps, but probably not. For all their philosophic airs and their attitudinizing, I know nobody who thinks less than a hen, or, at all events, their thinking is contemplative rather than practical.

Jonathan also surveyed the raw spot. But Jonathan's mind is practical rather than contemplative.

"Just the place for a carriage-house," he remarked.

And the carriage-house was perpetrated. Perhaps a hundred years from now it will have been assimilated, but at present it stands out absolutely undigested in all its uncompromising newness of line and color. Its ridge-pole, its roof-edges, its corners, look as if they had been drawn with a ruler, where those of the old barn were sketched free-hand. The barn and the sheds had settled into the landscape, the carriage-house cut into it.

Even Jonathan saw it. "We'll paint it the old-fashioned red to make it more in keeping," he said, apologetically. But old-fashioned red is apparently not to be had in new-fashioned cans. And the farm remained implacable: it refused to digest the carriage-house. I felt rather proud of the farm for being so firm.

The next blow was a heavy one. In the middle of the cowyard there was a wonderful gray rock, shoulder high, with a flat top and three sides abrupt, the other sloping. I used to sit on this rock and feed the hens and watch the "critters" come into the yard at milking-time. I like "critters," but when there are more than two or three in the yard, including some irresponsible calves, I like to have some vantage-point from which to view them—and be viewed. Our cattle are always gentle, but some of them are, to use a colloquial word that seems to me richly descriptive, so "nose-y."

Of course a rock like this did not belong in a well-planned barnyard. Nowhere, except in New England, or perhaps in Switzerland, would one occur. But in our part of New England they occur so thickly that they are hard to dodge, even in building a house. I remember an entry in an old ledger discovered in the attic: "To blasten rocks in my sollor—£0-3-6."

Without doubt the rock was in the way. Jonathan used to speak about it in ungentle terms every time he drove in and turned around. But this gave me no anxiety, because I felt sure that it had survived much stronger language than his. I did not think about dynamite. Probably when the Psalmist wrote about the eternal hills he did not think about dynamite either.

And dynamite did the deed. It broke my pretty rock into little pieces as one might break up a chunk of maple sugar with a pair of scissors. It made a beautiful barnyard, but I missed my refuge, my stronghold.

But this was only the beginning. Back of the barns lay the farm itself—scores of acres, chiefly rocks and huckleberry bushes, with thistles and mullein and sumac. There were dry, warm slopes, where the birches grew; not the queenly paper birch of the North, but the girlish

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little gray birch with its veil of twinkling leaves and its glimmer of slender stems. There were rugged ledges, deep-shadowed with oak and chestnut; there were hot, open hillsides thick-set with catbrier and blackberry canes, where one could never go without setting a brown rabbit scampering. It was a delectable farm, but not, in the ordinary sense, highly productive, and its appeal was rather to the contemplative than to the practical mind.

Jonathan was from the first infected with the desire of making the farm more productive—in the ordinary sense; and one day, when I wandered up to a distant corner, oh, dismay! there was a slope of twinkling birches—no longer twinkling—prone! cut, and dragged and piled up in masses of white stems and limp green leafage and tangled red-brown twigs. It was a sorry sight. I walked about it much, perhaps, as my white hens had walked about the barnyard, and to as little purpose. For the contemplative mind is no match for the practical. I knew this, yet I could not forbear saying, later:

"Jonathan, I was up near the long meadow to-day."

"Were you?"

"O Jonathan! Those birches!"

"What about them?"

"All cut!"

"Oh, yes. We need that piece for pasturage."

"Oh, dear! We might as well not have a farm if we cut down all the birches."

"We might as well not have a farm if we don't cut them down. They'll run us out in no time."

"They don't look as if they would run anybody out—the dears!"

"Why, I didn't know you felt that way about them. We'll let that other patch stand, if you like."

"*If* I like!"

I saved the birches, but other things kept happening. I went out one day and found one of our prettiest fence-lines reduced to bare bones, all its bushes and vines—clematis, elderberry, wild cherry, sweet-fern, bittersweet—all cut, hacked, torn away. It looked like a collie dog in the summer when his long yellow fur has been sheared off. And, another day, it was a company of red lilies escaped along a bank above the roadside. There were weeds mixed in, to be sure, and some bushes, a delightful tangle—and all snipped, shaved to the skin!

When I spoke about it, Jonathan said: "I'm sorry. I suppose Hiram was just making the place shipshape."

"Shipshape! This farm shipshape! You could no more make this farm shipshape than you could make a woodchuck look as though he had been groomed. The farm isn't a ship."

"I hope it isn't a woodchuck, either," said Jonathan.

During the haying season there was always a lull. The hand of the destroyer was stayed. Rather, every one was so busy cutting the hay that there was no time to cut anything else. One day in early August I took a pail and sauntered up the lane in the peaceful mood of the berry-picker—a state of mind as satisfactory as any I know. One is conscious of being useful—for what more useful than the accumulating of berries for pies? One has suitable ideals—the ideal of a happy home, since in attaining a happy home berry pies are demonstrably helpful. And one is also having a beautiful time. On my way I turned down the side lane to see how the blackberries were coming on. There lay my blackberry canes—lay, not stood—their long stems thick-set with fruit just turning from light red to dark. I do not love blackberries as I do birches; it was rather the practical than the contemplative part of me that protested that time, but it was with a lagging step that I went on, over the hill, to the berry-patches. There another shock awaited me. Where I expected to see green clumps of low huckleberries there were great blotches of black earth and gray ashy stems, and in the midst a heap of brush still sending up idle streamers and puffs of blue smoke. Desolation of desolations! That they should do this thing to a harmless berry patch!

They were not all burned. Only the heart of the patch had been taken, and after the first shock I explored the edges to see what was left, but with no courage for picking. I came home with an empty pail and a mind severe.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Jonathan," I said that night, "I thought you liked pies?"

"I do," he said, expectantly.

"Well, what do you like in them?"

"Berries, preferably."

"Oh, I thought perhaps you preferred cinders or dried briers."

Jonathan looked up inquiringly, then a light broke. "Oh, you mean those blackberry bushes. Didn't I tell you about that? That was a mistake."

"So *I* thought," I said, unappeased.

"I mean, I didn't mean them to be cut. It was that fool hobo I gave work to last week. I told him to cut the brush in the lane. Idiot! I thought he knew a blackberry bush!"

"With the fruit on it, too," I added, relenting toward Jonathan a little. Then I stiffened again.

"How about the huckleberry patch? Was that a mistake, too?"

Jonathan looked guilty, but held himself as a man should.

"Why, no," he said; "that is, Hiram thought we needed more ground to plow up next year, and that's as good a piece as there is—no big rocks or trees, you know. And we must have crops, you know."

"Bless the rocks!" I burst out. "I wish there were more of them! If it weren't for the rocks the farm would be *all* crops!"

Jonathan laughed, then we both laughed.

"You talk as though that would be a misfortune," he said.

"It would be simply unendurable," I replied.

"Jonathan," I added, "I am afraid you have not a proper subordination of values. I have heard of one farmer—just one—who had."

"What is it? and who was he?" said Jonathan, submissively. I think he was relieved that the huckleberry question was not being followed up.

"I believe he was your great-uncle by marriage. They say that there was a certain field that was full of butterfly-weed—you know, gorgeous orange stuff—"

"I know," said he. "What about it?"

"Well, there was a meadow that was full of it, just in its glory when the grass was ready to cut. Jonathan, what would you have done?"

"Go on," said Jonathan.

"Well, he always mowed that field himself, and when he came to a clump of butterfly-weed, he always *mowed around* it."

"Very pretty," said Jonathan, in an impersonal way.

"And that," I added, "is what I call having a proper subordination of values."

"I see," said he.

"And now," I went on, with almost too ostentatious sweetness, "if you will tell me where to find a huckleberry patch that is not already reduced to cinders, I will go out to-morrow and get some for pies."

Jonathan knew, and so did I, that there were still plenty of berry bushes left. Nevertheless, he was moved.

"Now, see here," he began seriously, "I don't want to spoil the farm for you. Only I don't know which things you like. If you'll just tell me the places you don't want touched, I'll speak to Hiram about them."

"Really?" I exclaimed. "Why, I'll tell you now, right away. There's the lane—you know, that mustn't be touched; and the ledges—but you couldn't do anything to those, of course, anyway."

"No, even the hobo wouldn't tackle them," said Jonathan, grimly.

"And the birches, the ones that are left. You promised me those, you know. And the swamp, of course, and the cedar knoll where the high-bush blueberries grow, and then—oh, yes—that lovely hillside beyond the long meadow, where the sumac is, and the dogwood, and everything. And, of course, the rest of the huckleberries—"

"The rest of the huckleberries!" said he. "That means all the farm. There isn't a spot as big as your hat where you can't show me some sort of a huckleberry bush."

"So much the better," I said, contentedly.

"Oh, come now," he protested. "Be reasonable. Even your wonderful farmer that you tell about did a little mowing. He mowed around the butterfly-weed, but he mowed. You're making the farm into solid butterfly-weed, and there'll be no mowing at all."

"Why, Jonathan, I've left you the long meadow, and the corner meadow, and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hill orchard, and then there's the ten-acre lot for corn and potatoes—only I wish you wouldn't plant potatoes."

"What's the matter with potatoes?"

"Oh, I don't know. First, they are too neat and green, and then they are all covered with potato-bug powder, and then they wither up and lie all around, and then they are dug, and the field is a sight! Now, rye and corn! They're lovely from beginning to end."

Jonathan ruminated. "I seem to see myself expressing these ideas to Hiram," he remarked dryly.

"I suppose it all comes down to the simple question, what is the farm for?" I said.

"I am afraid that is what Hiram would think," said Jonathan.

"Never mind about Hiram," I said, severely. "Now really, away down deep, haven't you yourself a sneaking desire for—oh, for crops, and for having things look shipshape, as you call it? Now haven't you?"

"I wonder," said Jonathan, as though we were talking about a third person.

"I don't wonder, I know. The trouble with men," I went on, "is that when they want to make a thing look well, all they can think of is cutting and chopping. Look at a man when he goes to a party, or to have his picture taken! He always dashes to the barber's first—that is, unless there's a woman around to interfere. Do you remember Jack Mason when he was married? Face and neck the color of raw beef from sunburn, and hair cropped so close it made his head look like a drab egg!"

"I didn't notice," said Jonathan.

"No, I suppose not. You would have done the same thing—you're all alike. Look at horses. When men want to make a horse look stylish, why, chop off his tail, of course! And they are only beginning to learn better. When a man builds a house, what does he do? Cuts down every tree, every bush and twig, and makes it 'shipshape,' as you call it. And then the women have to come along and plant everything all over again."

"But things need cutting now and then," said Jonathan. "You wouldn't like it, you know, if a man never went to the barber's. He'd look like a woodchuck."

"There are worse-looking things than woodchucks. Still, of course, there's a medium. Possibly the woodchuck carries neglect to excess."

The discussion rested there. I do not know whether Jonathan expressed any of these ideas to Hiram, but the grooming process appeared to be temporarily suspended. Then one day my turn came. It was dusk, and I was sitting on an old log at the back of the orchard, looking out over the little swamp, all a-twinkle with fireflies. Jonathan had been up the lane, prowling about, as he often does at nightfall, "to take a look at the farm." I heard his step in the lane, and he jumped over the bars at the far end of the orchard. There was a pause, then a vehement exclamation—too vehement to print. Jonathan's remarks do not usually need editing, and I listened to these in the dusk in some degree of wonder, if not of positive enjoyment. Finally I called out, "What's the matter?"

"Oh, you there?" He strode over. "Matter! Come and see what that fool hobo did."

"You called him something besides that a moment ago," I remarked.

"I hope so. Whatever I called him, he's it. Come over."

He led me to the orchard edge, and there in the half-light I saw a line of stubs and a pile of brush. "Not your quince bushes!" I gasped.

"Just that," he said, grimly, and then burst into further unprintable phrases descriptive of the city-bred loafer. "If I ever give work to a hobo again, I'll be—"

"Sh-h-h," I said, and I could not forbear adding: "Now you know how I have felt about those huckleberry bushes and birches and things, only I hadn't the language to express it."

"You have language enough," said Jonathan.

Undoubtedly Jonathan was depressed. I had been depressed for some time on account of the grooming of my berry patches and fence lines, but now I found myself growing suddenly cheerful. I do not habitually batten on the sorrow of others, but this was a special case. For how could I be blind to the fact that chance had thrust a weapon into my hand? I knew that hereafter, at critical moments, I need only

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

murmur "quince bushes" and discussion would die out. It made me feel very gentle toward Jonathan, to be thus armed against him. Gentle, but also cheerful.

"Jonathan," I said, "it's no use standing here. Come back to the log where I was sitting."

He came, with heavy tread. We sat down, and looked out over the twinkling swamp. The hay had just been cut, and the air was richly fragrant. The hush of night encompassed us, yet the darkness was full of life. Crickets chirruped steadily in the orchard behind us, from a distant meadow the purring whistle of the whip-poorwill sounded in continuous cadence, like a monotonous and gentle lullaby. The woods beyond the open swamp, a shadowy blur against the sky, were still, except for a sleepy note now and then from some bird half-awakened. Once a wood-thrush sang his daytime song all through, and murmured part of it a second time, then sank into silence.

"Jonathan," I said at last, "the farm is rather a good place to be."

"Not bad."

"Let's not groom it too much. Let's not make it too shipshape. After all, you know, it isn't really a ship."

"Nor yet a woodchuck, I hope," said Jonathan.

And I was content not to press the matter.

THE NEW PHILANTHROPY

BY ALIDA LATTIMORE

A NOBLE woman of my acquaintance said to me last winter: "Isn't that bread line in Broadway pitiful? As I passed there one night last week there were several hundred men standing in line in the bitter cold, waiting for a cup of coffee and a roll!" She was fairly reveling in a burst of emotional benevolence towards those poor men and the terrible conditions of unemployment which make such a line possible. I asked her if she knew the composition of the ordinary bread line? Did she know of the large proportion of able-bodied, willfully idle boys and young men among the assortment of those really stranded and those stranded by profession? Did she realize that many of these "homeless" men were deserting husbands, shirking their responsibilities? Did she know that in Philadelphia in one year $160,000 was secured from husbands through the Department of Public Health and Charities and turned over to wives who were separated for various causes from their sources of support? These husbands were made to pay what, in many cases, would otherwise have been demanded of public or private organizations as charity.

Many efforts have been made to appeal to the self-respect in the human flotsam and jetsam of the bread line, but without success. Repeated offers of food, lodging, and work, with friendship thrown in, have been made to the men. I personally know a man who one stormy night offered by printed cards to each of three hundred and fifty men in the bread line a chance to pay in light work for food and lodging. Only fifty-two out of the three hundred and fifty even applied at the place designated on the card of invitation. Crowd attraction is more potent than the chance for rehabilitation, and criminals are safer in a crowd than in any office, however friendly. A defense of the men reached by a famous mission was made a month or two ago. The men were asked separately if they were "worthy," and they all said they were!

The sentimentalists who like to give dinners to huge companies of people and who are made comfortable by feeding the beggar at the door, who usually throws away the food so generously—and ignorantly—given, fall back on this plea, "Yes, but isn't it better to feed ninety-nine unworthy persons than to let one hungry

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

soul suffer?" The New Philanthropist replies to this, "No, a thousand times, no!" If the sentimentalist is sincere, she (for it is generally she) should be willing to follow up "the ninety and nine" for the sake of the "one" about whom she professes to be so anxious. Is the "one" really so precious as to be worth an hour or two spent in investigation?

A social worker was speaking to an audience recently on indiscriminate giving when he was asked a question which was meant as a reproach to the heartless speaker. Said this man of soft heart and correspondingly soft head, "But could a man of any heart turn away a man at ten o'clock at night without the ten cents necessary for a night's lodging?" "Certainly not," said the speaker; "but the man of a really large heart would be willing to take a little more trouble than giving the homeless man a dime to spend in the nearest saloon. He would arrange for a night's lodging for him and help brace him up." One must remember that the ordinary homeless man has left a family somewhere, and, if his absence from home is made easy, others are suffering.

It is true of the money given to any of our city institutions that much of it has been wrung out of the body of the wage-earner. How can a worker develop resistance to physical, to say nothing of moral, disease, on a wage of three dollars a week? A wage of six dollars, the amount mentioned by the Consumers' League as a minimum living wage for a girl dependent upon herself, with her natural desire to present an attractive appearance, is not enough to enable her to lead a decent life without heroic sacrifice. If her ideals are not sufficiently high to meet her problem, what of the employer who has helped her into dependency of one kind or another? Is his contribution ever declined by the hospitals into which his employees find their way? Is he personally responsible for their bills?

Suppose such a question as this were asked of every employer before he received the sanction of our patronage:

Do you pay a living wage in every case?

Many employers pay large salaries to a few of their employees, even sharing profits with them, who at the same time pay the less efficient help so little that a decent, self-respecting life is impossible. It is from this grade of workers that immorality of all kinds is bred. The owner of the business is really running a subsidized institution—the families or "gentlemen friends" of his girl employees really making up the deficiency of wages. Hundreds of business enterprises are run on this system. It is an accepted fact among social workers that prostitution is largely an economic as well as a moral question. Even charitable societies, as employers, are not blameless in paying wages too low for a person away from home to maintain her self-respect. Because of a lack of knowledge among governing boards of the actual cost of living, many agencies requiring expert skill in their employees offer lower wages than are demanded and obtained by a good cook.

Other questions to be asked of an employer might be:

Do you realize that a *happy* individual is a better worker, and do you *insist* on vacations, with or without pay, for your help?

Do you supply decencies in the shape of sanitary workshops, guarded machinery, closets, lockers, pure drinking water, hot and cold water at clean sinks, soap, towels, and a lunch-room for your employees? Do you allow your workers, especially women, to sit down whenever possible?

Are you liable for injuries received in your establishment?

Do the fines go into your pocket, or are they distributed as a part of the sick benefit fund or some such arrangement for the general good?

What efforts are you making to train your employees for greater efficiency?

What special reward do you give for faithful, efficient service?

Do you require just dealings in all departments of your business?

Does any part of the profits of your concern depend on the cheap labor of little children?

Are you dealing in politics? If so, for what purpose?

In the murky gloom cast by the results of greed, it is cheering to contemplate the rifts caused by the development of a true brotherhood feeling on the part of certain employers. There does exist a large num-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ber of employers who have no trumpet to sound but who are quietly impressing ideas of a perfect partnership upon the persons without whose co-operation their business would cease. There are employers known to the writer who pay their employees according to the value of their work and the profits of the business, without inquiring as to the wage scales of other concerns. Such firms find it hard to get rid of their men, and discharges are rare.

The New Philanthropists observe the signs of an awakening on the part of some employers, but their hearts ache at the knowledge of the outrages committed by others and endured by a somnolent public. We are too satisfied with things as they appear to our indifferent minds. Like too much knowledge of germs, we find many of the topics broached by social workers so unpleasant that we are apt to dismiss them with a sigh of hopelessness. It is not pleasant to think that the Christmas season is a hated season by the large class of persons employed in stores and factories, or who find work as messengers, expressmen, and postmen.

We do not like to think of the prices paid to the workers that we may get our "bargains" and enjoy the excitement of "clearance sales."

I shall not soon forget the picture of the tenement mother striving to keep her little family together by making baby dresses, such as your children wear, at forty cents a dozen. Try as hard as she could, she could only earn twenty cents a day, and was forced to seek the aid of a charitable society. The manufacturer who "sweated" her doubtless spent a part of the profits she helped him earn by giving contributions to the society called on for relief. The worker who embroiders a lingerie waist gets about eighty cents for it; the waist sells for ten dollars. Who makes the profit?

The tenement consumptives working on embroidered collars for Fifth Avenue tailors are not agreeable subjects for meditation. Neither is the fact that the filthy fingers of little children in their crowded and disease-breeding rooms on the East Side of New York are working late into the night, picking the nuts that are sold to our retail grocers and confectioners by the big wholesale houses, and which make such toothsome desserts for us. Is it a wonder that the children fall behind their grade in school when we overwork them so for our pleasure?

The New Philanthropy seeks to go to the root of these things. Its ambition is to train the public to see that they are the *consumers* of the goods produced under these abnormal conditions, and that every man, woman, and child is a party to the wrongs done in the name of "business." *We* are the indirect employers of the children who, in the Southern cotton-mills, work for us through the long night. We employ the eight-year-old breaker boys when the anthracite goes into our cellar. The glass boys in the night-shift, nodding and stumbling as they go back and forth at their work, are kept from their normal rest and chance to grow by us who use the glassware. We employ the babies in the tenements as we twirl our dance programmes in which the sleepy baby fingers have tied the pencils. We have not awakened to the fact that all these problems are ours to face—and how are we facing them?

In all history there never was a time when so much was done for the unfortunate as during the nineteenth century, and yet relatively little has been accomplished in constructive preventive work, because of inertia of the educated. It is so hard to convince people that they must bring their brains to bear on the fact that housing conditions have a direct relation to disease and crime; that a living wage for the worker shall include a possibility for growth and happiness; that a well-supervised playground is as essential for young persons as is a school; that breathing-places are as necessary as food for all classes and ages of people; that home-making as a science should be a required subject for girls in all schools and colleges; that every girl and every boy should be provided with some sort of vocational training to raise them above the degrading level of inefficiency; that a child-labor law is useless unless the compulsory education law is enforced and factory work in homes is stopped; that all school-children have a right to a healthy body; that the State has not fulfilled its function unless the public school buildings are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

centers of inspiration and training in citizenship for parents and grandparents as well as children.

The Lydia Languishes are to be allowed to languish no longer, if the New Philanthropists have their way. The time is not far distant when every young woman in our normal schools shall be taught that it may be considered modest for her to know the mysteries of the human body and the terrible consequences of the misuse of its normal functions. The school-teacher must ultimately be the preventive agency in dealing with the prevalent immorality among children. She will receive instruction that it is part of her duty to know that the children under her care see and hear well; that they have not only clean hands, clean and useful teeth, are free from adenoids and enlarged tonsils, but that they are clean-minded. It is a sad commentary on most of our normal schools that they graduate many teachers who are blind to vital facts about children which responsible social workers vouch for with heavy hearts.

The hardest task, then, to which the New Philanthropist addresses himself is the problem of educating the educated.

The home-maker is the key to the situation. If she does her share in surrounding herself with an atmosphere of intelligence, we will excuse some of the things she does in these days when so many of the old occupations have been taken from her.

If the mother is a true mother, can she escape the full measure of her responsibility to the outside world? Can the home-maker refuse to protect her household from the thousand and one sources of moral and physical infection which follow in the wake of modern indifference? Is it not her duty to know by personal inspection that the grocery which supplies food for her family is a clean place? Must she not know whether the meat she gives her children comes from tuberculous animals? Must she not assure herself that the milk she buys is pure and harmless? Must she not be intelligent as to the dangers accompanying ready-made clothing, and see to to it that she, by demanding a guarantee as to conditions under which her purchases are produced, is not a party to the sweating system? Is it not her right to know that the pretty suit she puts on her child was not made where the lives of other children were sacrificed in its fashioning?

Is it not her duty as home-maker to know about the sanitary—moral and physical—conditions of the school in which her children are being prepared for life? Can she escape an intelligent knowledge of the curriculum? How is she to protect her young people from the enticements of the cheap theater and the suggestive pictures flaunted before their eyes from billboards, and how can she save them from the demoralizing literature which finds its way into their hands and is even thrust upon them as they pass along the street, and which they find lying alluringly on their own doorsteps?

To the home-maker come all these responsibilities. For the sake of her own children, she must help safeguard other children. She should be the dynamo for civic righteousness in every community. She should be a center for creating that public opinion without which the best legislation is inoperative. She should be the strongest force in demanding efficiency in the management of municipal affairs. Lax methods of administration in any department of government mean lax morals in the community, and the home-maker must realize her responsibility in the municipal housekeeping.

If all this seems a heavy burden, we must recall the story Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin tells. She met a little girl in the East Side of New York who was carrying a huge bundle wrapped in a shawl. She spoke to the child and said: "My dear, where are you going? May I not help you to carry your bundle? It looks too heavy for you." The child looked up, and, with wonder in her eyes, exclaimed, "Why! it's not heavy; it's my brother!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A FEW BOOKS ON ART

BY ELBERT F. BALDWIN

HEAVY to the hand and heavy in style is Dr. Allan Marquand's "Greek Architecture" (Macmillan). Yet it is a work of worth. Unpicturesque though the learned author is in dealing with a picturesque subject, he has produced a book of reference at once scholarly, comprehensive, well arranged, and to the point. If we compare it with Dr. Percy Gardner's "Grammar of Greek Art," for instance, we may regret that Dr. Marquand did not also include some general discussions of the subject. But the Marquand book deals with a special province of art—architecture. It is not a book of general discussion, but of reference, valuable to the archæologist, the architect, and the student of history. The lover of the Greek language will be specially pleased at the use of the Greek names in the original alongside their English transliterations. The diagrams, drawings, and other illustrations double the book's interest to the general reader.

In discussing any phase of sculpture or painting Dr. Wilhelm Bode, Director of the Berlin Museum, has a vantage-point, for more than any other museum that at Berlin embraces examples of every phase. This is evident in two books the translations of which have recently appeared. One book deals with "Florentine Sculptors of the Renaissance" (Scribner), the other with "Great Masters of Dutch and Flemish Painting" (Scribner). The volume on Florentine sculpture comprises a collection of miscellaneous papers, but they have more consistency than is often found in such a collection. Dr. Bode advances from a general consideration of the subject to particular discussions of the work of Donatello, Ghiberti, Michelozzo, Andrea, Luca and Giovanni della Robbia, Verrocchio, Andrea and Jacopo Sansovino, and the rest. In no branch of art has Florence a more unqualified claim to pre-eminence than in sculpture, for it sprang from the very life and soil of the Florentine, unalloyed by alien admixture or influence. The book's only defect is an undue vehemence in criticising other critics of sculpture. As to the "Great Masters of Dutch and Flemish Painting," one may be dissatisfied with the title of a book the Dutch part of which is much more extensive, interesting, and significant than is the Flemish. It would have been better literally to translate the title of the German original, "Rembrandt und Seine Zeitgenossen." Again, "Rembrandt and His Contemporaries" would have been a better title for a book in which Rembrandt is put first and foremost and given the lion's share. Yet the sketches of the other Dutch painters—of Frans Hals, for instance, of the genre artists like Maes and Vermeer, of the landscape painters from Segers to Wouvermans, and of the masters of still life—are also individual, fresh, and stimulating. Indeed, in his treatment, whether of Florentine sculptors or of Low Country painters, Dr. Bode seems equally authoritative and suggestive.

But the Flemish school of painting needs greater emphasis than Dr. Bode gives it. After the great names of Rubens and Vandyck comes the name of Jacob Jordaens, one of the three masters who gave to that school its seventeenth-century luster. While Rubens was the painter of heroes and heroines, gods and goddesses, and while Vandyck ennobled the nobles of his own day, Jordaens was pre-eminently the painter of the burgher and peasant. No sublime conceptions characterize his pictures, no strikingly lofty aim, no vision. Even in Jordaens's most remarkable work, his great mural painting for the Orange Hall in the House-in-the Woods at The Hague, his observation was greater than his imagination. All visitors to that charming little palace in the Haagsche Bosch will remember as the central point in the building a hall in the shape of a Greek cross. Strange to say, the greatest representatives of Dutch art, Rembrandt, Hals, Bol, were passed over, and the commission to depict the allegorical scenes illustrative of Dutch history for the hall were bestowed upon Jordaens and others. These paintings give a good idea of Jordaens's glowing color, a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feature of all his work. For he was a notable colorist, as becomes the painter of actuality, of cheery realism, of material pleasure. He painted all stages of life, from the baby's fair skin and soft, healthy arms and legs and rosy lips blowing lustily into a porridge spoon, to the wrinkled but benevolent grandfathers enjoying their glass and their song. Jordaens was a Fleming of the Flemings. He lived the life of the average burgher and interpreted that life in general with fidelity. He loved the knotted muscles, the powerful gestures of his race, even their unpolished natures, their rough corners and edges. But, like their physical lives, so the note of his art expression became sometimes too shrill, the gestures on his canvases too vigorous. Always forcible, he was once in a while excessive. He died in 1678, and his remains lie in the little village of Putte, to the north of Antwerp. Putte is partly in Belgium and partly in Holland. The location seems appropriate, for, more than did most painters, Jordaens combined the qualities of both countries. If his life was uneventful, his place in the history of art is marked for two reasons: First, his work in any stage of its development never lost its distinctive individuality; second, he was the last great painter of the golden period of the schools to which he belonged, and there has never been adequate appreciation of these facts. In emphasizing them in his "Jacob Jordaens: His Life and Work" (Dutton), M. Max Rooses, Conservator of the famous Plantin-Moretus Museum at Antwerp, has done students of art a real service. The book forms appropriate reading following Dr. Bode's work on Dutch and Flemish art.

It is but a step across the Channel to England. But it seems a longer step backward to an English painter who died in 1827 than to the Fleming just mentioned, who died in 1678. William Blake's work in art has given him a distinct place. Yet it is difficult to rank him with the moderns or the ancients. As the author of a life of "Giotto" Mr. Basil de Selincourt brings rather an interesting point of view to his appreciation of "William Blake" (Scribner). The book immediately challenges comparison with other appreciations, those of Dr. Garnett and Mr. Swinburne. But it is more satisfying than these; indeed, we now have an estimate of Blake's life and work more thoroughgoing and balanced than any yet published. Blake's struggle was towards the unity of spiritual life. He had strange theories of art and of the imagination, but to deny him the mystic vision is to deny what must be evident to every one who has seriously studied his work. Perhaps there has never been a greater example of emotional intensity than he, and one realizes this doubly as one turns from the more stolid Dutchmen and Flemings to the contemplation of this genius of allegory. It is helpful to the true appreciation of a picture to know what the true meaning is, and Blake's meaning would have been more evident had he followed in painting the simplicity which characterizes his very best poetry. For the profoundest and most permanent things in life are interpreted by the simplest methods. The present biographer justly declares that Blake's short lines in which the poet says that God is in the lamb have more meaning, more of true mysticism and true religion in them, than the whole bulk of his prophetic books. The lines appeal to one as does no one of Blake's prophetical pictures:

"Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and he is mild;
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb.
We are callèd by His name.
Little Lamb, God bless thee!
Little Lamb, God bless thee!"

Turning from these individual appreciations to general histories, the appearance of Dr. Carrotti's second volume of his "History of Art" (Dutton) must be chronicled. As in his first volume, Professor Carrotti has reinforced his facts by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a wonderfully large number of illustrations when one considers the small size of his volume. Even on their necessarily small scale these illustrations cannot fail to serve as an incentive to a first-hand study of the originals. The second volume has to do with the Middle Ages, but the subject is too vast to be comprised in the limits of this book, and hence its author has excluded from it any consideration of Italian art from the eleventh to the end of the fourteenth century. The value of his book does not depend on its fullness so much as on the stimulus afforded to more extensive researches. Those researches may well be made in one of the new editions of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's "History of Painting in Italy," a work first published forty years ago. It has become well-nigh a classic. As a tribute to such value two editions of it now appear, supplying, as is necessary, in accompanying notes a cyclopædia of opinions and judgments on Italian painting from those authorities who have lived and worked during the past four decades. The first edition, already noticed in The Outlook, has Mr. Langton Douglas as editor and is to be complete in six volumes. Three have already appeared. The first volume has now appeared of an edition to be complete in three volumes. Its editor is Mr. Edward Hutton, whose impressionistic books on Italy have found wide and sympathetic reading. Mr. Hutton is rather emotional, it is true, but who would not give a certain rein to the emotions when it comes to describing Italy? Both editions are, of course, intended to bring Crowe and Cavalcaselle's work up to date and to furnish the student with the real standard of connoisseurship. To this end the notes inserted by each writer are pertinent, concise, and have been gathered from trustworthy sources. We are glad to say that they apparently represent all schools of criticism; certainly they supply a summary of the opinions of modern critics on disputed points, especially the notes in the six-volume edition. The notes in the three-volume edition naturally do not encroach so much upon the text, but are good enough to make one wish that there were more of them, reflecting more fully the keen and varied criticism of the past four decades on painting in general and on Italian painting in particular. Both editions are illustrated by process cuts. These afford more complete illustration than can be obtained from the familiar line-drawings, delightful as these are in their way, and glad as we are to see some of them in these books.

THE NEW BOOKS

When a man deals in cotton, he is dealing in a thing; when he deals in labor, he deals in human beings. The abstract economist is unscientific who ignores this distinction between labor and other commodities, and the employer of labor who ignores it does not know his business. It is the human element in industry, distinguishing labor from all other commodities, that Mr. Jonathan Thayer Lincoln, himself an employer of labor, writes about in his book "The City of the Dinner Pail." The city that gives the title to his book is Fall River, Massachusetts. He knows it not merely as a city of looms and labor, but also as a city of Americans born and Americans in the making. He recognizes the invaluable service which the trade union has rendered, and he sees also its possible limitations and some of its attendant evils; for he judges it not merely as an economic force, but as an organism composed of human beings and affecting the destiny of individuals. He draws a picture of a community of people; in the background is the multitude, but in the foreground are specific men and women. This is a book that will help to solve what is called the labor problem, because it will give to the employer and the employee a better understanding of each other. Readers of The Outlook will recognize some of what is here included as having appeared already in its pages. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.25.)

Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson's Ingersoll Lecture, "Is Immortality Desirable?" (Houghton Mifflin, 75c.) is discriminating but not convincing. With his conclusion that some conceptions of immortality are not desirable most modern readers will agree—an immortality, for example, in which there is both

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an eternal heaven and an eternal hell. But while he clearly inclines to the hopes of mankind in a personality which survives death, he apparently holds that conviction waits until the present investigations and experiments of the Society for Psychical Research have reached more definite results. Concerning these results Mr. William T. Stead has no doubt. "How I Know that the Dead Return" (The Ball Publishing Company, Boston, 75c.) begins where Mr. Dickinson ends, by giving a story of his own personal experiences which have demonstrated to him that the minds of the living may act on each other without any visible means of communication, and that by methods equally mysterious the minds of the departed may act on the minds of those who remain. To him, we say, this experience is quite convincing; but it will not be so to readers who are not already convinced. The skeptic will wish to cross-examine him and to hear other witnesses before accepting Mr. Stead's momentous conclusion. The literature of which Mr. Stead's book is only a rather extraordinary sample does not as yet demonstrate all that its writers claim, but it may indicate that we are on the eve of discovering a kind of wireless telegraphy more mysterious and more significant than that of Marconi.

What have modern critical students reported as a result of their exploration of the Bible? For a number of years one could ascertain this only by search here and there among many books. Then almost simultaneously appeared two monumental encyclopædias. One, edited by Dr. Cheyne, recounted what the more enterprising, if not always the most trustworthy, were willing to report; the other, edited by Dr. Hastings, recounted what the great body of progressive scholars had agreed upon as being well established. Still the ordinary layman or the minister with limited means had to choose between buying an encyclopædia of several volumes, picking up his knowledge indirectly or by piecemeal, and having recourse to some single-volume dictionary of the sort which gives the outgrown conclusions of a past generation. To-day such a man is practically without excuse if he remains ignorant of the conclusions which are tenable to-day. This year there have been published three works, each in a single volume, and each giving such conclusions. One of these is a commentary on the whole Bible, the other two are Bible dictionaries. The "One-Volume Bible Commentary," edited by the Rev. J. R. Dummelow, M.A. (The Macmillan Company, $2.50), represents the most conservative scholarship of the three. With regard to questions of theology, such as the miracles, it leans toward the traditional; with regard to questions of literary criticism it frankly accepts the general conclusions of sound scholarship, such as those concerning the sources of the Pentateuch and the authorship of the Book of Isaiah, without taking up the most disputed points. It contains a number of useful introductory articles. It is a real achievement in compression. The two Bible dictionaries are even more noteworthy. "The Dictionary of the Bible," edited by Dr. James Hastings (Scribners, $5), is not a condensation of the larger work of the same editor, but is an independent product, and it has independent value. The other, called "A Standard Dictionary of the Bible" (Funk & Wagnalls Company, $6), of which Dr. M. W. Jacobus, of Hartford Theological Seminary, is editor-in-chief, is similar in aim. To both of these American, British, and German scholars contribute; the contributors to the first, however, are predominantly British, the contributors to the second predominantly American. Between the two it is very difficult to make a choice. Perhaps the one edited by Dr. Jacobus, because of its large type and its abundant illustrations, might appeal more strongly at first to the layman, and because of its Greek and Hebrew proper names, its frequent bibliographies, and its clearly skeletonized articles, might more easily attract the minister. On the other hand, the Hastings dictionary is more extensive in text, certainly in many articles more comprehensive, and is somewhat cheaper in price. In spirit they are not distinguishable. They are both the product of scholarship, competent, courageous, and reverent. We wish every minister in the land, and, for that matter, every layman who desires to be intelligently informed concerning Biblical matters, owned all of these works. Together they form a very respectable Biblical library.

It is a treat to the eye of any sea-lover to behold the pictures of the towering sails of the full-rigged American ships, the old-timers whose exploits around the world are recorded in Mr. Ralph D. Paine's "The Ships and Sailors of Old Salem." The large and seemly volume has many racy stories of privateersmen like Captain Jonathan Harraden, who took a thousand cannon from the British on the high seas, and of Captain Luther Little, who "never lost a man and never carried away a spar," although his adventures were many and strange. Equally appetizing are the records of the merchant ships which, as pioneers, carried our flag all over the East. The book is a worthy memorial of bold and hardy seamen and of a great foreign commerce no longer carried on in American bottoms. (The Outing Publishing Company, New York. $3.50.)

We have heard much of late of the external glamour of the Orient, but in "Going Down from Jerusalem" Mr. Norman Duncan gives us an insight into the Oriental type of imagination, humor, and faith. With an artist friend Mr. Duncan went over the route which must have been taken by the Holy Family when they went down into Egypt, and in his rendering of the talk over the camp-fire, the parables and tricks and ways of looking at life of the men he encountered and employed, he has caught the spirit of the East

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

far better than many more pretentious writers. (Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.)

It has been remarked several times of late years that the Christmas of English-speaking childhood would be incomplete without one of the Lang story-books, distinguished by their colors. Mr. Lang, who is a scholar as well as a story-teller, has now traversed the entire field of folk-lore, fairy-lore, and mythology; and "The Red Book of Heroes" deals with people of heroic size—Florence Nightingale, Hannibal, Father Damien, Sir Thomas More, and other brave and self-sacrificing men and women, whose heroism had in almost all cases a touch of the romantic. It is Mrs. Lang who, as usual of late years, has prepared the text, assisted by Mr. Lang in selection of material and in introductions. Mrs. Lang has a very pretty story-telling gift of her own, while Mr. Lang does his part in giving the books a background of scholarship. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.60.)

Among new editions of famous poems, prepared evidently for holiday and gift purposes, with all the accessories of illustration, decoration, and fine typography and press-work, we have been interested and attracted by two published by the Tandy-Thomas Company, New York City. One is an illuminated version of "My Country, 'tis of Thee," in which the decorative work throughout is in color and gold. The color effect of the title-page is particularly rich and harmonious, and the pictured scenes which are scattered through the book are well chosen in subject and suggestion to fit the words of Samuel Francis Smith's National Anthem. The artist is Mr. Walter Tittle. The other volume is a really beautifully made edition of Bryant's "Thanatopsis." Here the artist is Mr. Walworth Stilson, and his designs have been etched on copper, and printed, together with the text, from intaglio copperplate. In all there are thirty etchings, half of which are strictly pictorial and half decorative designs. It is notable that not a single type has been used in the book from beginning to end. Thus the phrase "hand-made" book may be with absolute truth applied to this volume as regards paper, illustration, and binding, which last is in half-parchment. Apart from the mechanical and decorative excellences of the book, which are of a high order, it may be added that the artist has caught admirably the spirit and feeling of Bryant's greatest poem.

Five essays upon "Men and Manners of Old Florence," by Guido Biagi, Librarian of the Laurentian and Riccardi Libraries, Florence, have been translated into English and profusely illustrated by valuable photographs, making a handsome volume. While the essays are not closely connected, they sketch vividly the period of the independent existence of Florence from the thirteenth to the beginning of the nineteenth century. Entirely new material and documents were accessible to the author, and he has made most excellent use of his advantages. Perhaps the second and third essays, with the fourth, will attract most attention. "The Mind and Manners of a Florentine Merchant of the Fourteenth Century" were, with some differences of expression, founded upon much the same philosophy that now obtains. It amuses the author to liken the most ignoble sentiments to those of America—why, we cannot imagine. "The Private Life of the Renaissance Florentines" reveals a light-hearted people, shrewd, luxurious, and always "of a temperament." The author wrote the preface of a charming work upon "The Women of Florence," by Isadoro del Lungo, reviewed in these columns last year, which should be read in connection with these essays. While Dr. Biagi's style is by no means concise, it is graceful, at times eloquent, and always clear and entertaining. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $3.50, net.)

Few events of more dramatic interest have occurred in our time than the fall of the monarchy that had been throned for a thousand years in Rome when the temporal power of the Popes was extinguished by Italian cannon in 1870. "The Last Days of Papal Rome" is an appropriate sequel to the story of the last years of the Bourbon Kingdom which Garibaldi overthrew in Naples and the Two Sicilies ten years earlier—"The End of a Kingdom," by the same author. Signor de Cesare, writing from intimate social and family knowledge of persons and affairs, and knowing clerical society to the bottom, tells us that his work is "real life, lived by my own recollections and those of others." Like the life of the early days of our mountain States, the memory of it is fast disappearing amid the transformations, both material and moral, which have been effected within forty years. Its finance and diplomacy, and also its theaters and newspapers, its College of Cardinals and its art and artists, its railway-building and its decree of Papal infallibility, its social life and its pauperizing charity, its tyranny tempered with assassinations, sketches of eminent personages, and enlivening anecdotes, compose the scene, while the course of events moves on through the gradual dismemberment of the Papal dominions to the final catastrophe. Next to Naples under Ferdinand II, the last of the Bourbons, Rome, says Signor de Cesare, under the kindly but small-minded Pius IX was the dirtiest and poorest city in Italy. Such was the unworth of clerical government, which many devout Catholics still wish to see restored to temporal power. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.50.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUBLIC OPINION

THE INCOME TAX

I see that The Outlook has decided to oppose the income tax. Its motives will be impugned, but not by me, for I believe in the honesty of purpose of its editors. I believe also that they have fallen into a very serious error. Let us at once find an example of the falsity of this theory set up by The Outlook. Take a pupil in a school for the deaf. The government renders to him a service valued at $300 per annum. It would, of course, be absurd to make this amount the measure of the tax return required from this person or those responsible for him. In fact, The Outlook knows well enough (and knows to approve) that the government is engaged in an enormous number of social enterprises, which cost an enormous sum, the beneficiaries of which are those least able to pay, the burden of which must fall on those who can pay. To support these enterprises government must have the money obtained by taxation. It must get the money where it can get it; not where one theory or another says it ought to get it—theories which are endless in their variety and difference. Will The Outlook insist that those who pay the customs tax receive any service proportioned to their relative payments? Of course not. Here again government gets its money where it can. And again, as matters go, it generally costs no more to protect one piece of property (so far as government is concerned) than it costs to protect another. The same force protects rich and poor, great and small, and is available by both without more cost to government for one than for the other.

There probably can never be a just distribution of the burdens of government. It seems beyond human power to make such a just distribution. No one can contend that our present system, involving tax evasion and inevitable shifting, is just. The income tax, which has worked so satisfactorily in England since the days of Peel, will help in a measure to redress an element of injustice in the present arrangement; for it will probably fall quite largely on that class which is now able to avoid paying for the support of government—a class (take notice) which owes just as much to government for the perpetuity of its income as does the class which owns tangible property. Indeed, a failure of government to perform its functions might fall more severely on this class than on that.

LEW ALLEN CHASE.

Department of History and Civics,
Kansas State Agricultural College.

TAX AND SERVICE

Your income tax editorial (The Outlook, October 16) teaches that "taxation should be determined by the service the State renders the individual, not by the ability of the individual to pay the State." How would you assess the service rendered by the State to the following described persons?

William Sharp is a trader who deals only in marketable securities on inside information. He owns no property, lives at a club, and travels a great deal in Europe. His income is a hundred thousand a year, and he leaves all work of production, transportation, and distribution to others. He takes no part in organizing or operating anything. He is a consumer solely, not a producer in any sense. He spends his income mostly in Europe. He does not hold stocks, but merely buys and sells from day to day on a narrow margin of profit, but does a large volume of trading. He is able to pay a stiff tax, but how will you assess it on the basis of the State's service to him?

William Worker, on the other hand, has been reclaiming lands, building railways, and developing water powers, and his enterprises are not yet paying. His properties are valued at ten millions, and if taxed too heavily, he will fail. He spends no money in Europe, but stays at home and works.

The first William bleeds the State and spends it in Europe, the second bleeds himself.

What is the relative service of the State to the two?

J. PARKER.

Philadelphia.

[Mr. Parker's question is easily answered. William Sharp is dealing with properties. The securities are of value only as they represent property. He would not buy mining stocks, and he could not sell them, if the miners were permitted to pocket the silver and gold and copper and carry them off at their will. He should pay for the protection which Government affords to the properties in which he deals. The way to compel him to pay would be to levy a tax on all stock operations. This is what, something like a score of years ago, Senator Washburn, of Minnesota, attempted to compel him to do by a proposed tax law; but the representatives of William Sharp were too much for Senator Washburn. The State of New York is now levying such a tax. Mr. Chase's question is not so easily answered. The answer appears to us to be this: Government performs at least three functions: It protects persons and property. The expense involved in such protection should be assessed upon the citizens in proportion to the cost of the service rendered, and this is accomplished by a tax on property proportioned to the value of the property. Government also carries on certain important businesses—the post-office, for example. Such government businesses should be in general put upon a business basis and made to pay their own expenses. Government also renders to the community certain services which are philanthropic, not financial. It is not merely the deaf boy whom the government serves by maintaining a school for the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deaf and dumb. We are as a community so far advanced in civilization that we all suffer if the incompetent are left to die, and we continue, either in voluntary organizations or in the State, to save them from needless suffering. How the expense of such philanthropic action, necessitated not by our pockets but by our sentiments, should be distributed it may be difficult to determine. But it seems to us that there is no better way than to proportion the expense according to the wealth of the individuals for whom the government acts, and this would involve levying the tax for philanthropic acts, as for police protection, upon the value of the property possessed by the taxpayer, not upon the value which the community puts upon the service which he is rendering to it. As to the customs tax, one serious objection to it, which The Outlook has often urged, is that it falls heavily on the poor and comparatively lightly on the rich.—THE EDITORS.]

"HOPELESS PESSIMISM" The letter from your correspondent at the Lake Mohonk Conference, appearing in the issue of October 30, is of very special interest, both for the matter of its text and the spirit of hopeless pessimism which, probably without intention, it has shown to be the writer's mood. It is scarcely a matter for wonder that the popularity of a man like "Charley" Murphy, a man who "does things," should be less apparent to those who breathe the tenuous atmosphere of idealism prevalent at Mohonk than to those who rub elbows and hobnob at a "Podunk" caucus. "And thereby hangs a tale"—the history, in fact, of that reactionary spirit which has spread a blight in our political system and raised a hobgoblin of expediency to block the way of hopeful progress. For to such an extent has the necessity for reform and reorganization taken hold of the popular mind that nothing short of a ballot "all wool and a yard wide" is adequate to record the various shades of opinion which are supposed to attain authoritative expression at the polls. Sentiment has become confused, energy dissipated in a vague, idealistic atmosphere,

> "And enterprises of great pith and moment,
> With this regard, their currents turn awry,
> And lose the name of action."

To turn from this ethereal altruism to the warm-blooded, if coarse, materialism of men like "Charley" Murphy is as natural as the feeling which prompts a healthy boy to shout and toss his hat in the air as he "escapes" from his school-room at a vacation period. Some men are so constituted mentally that they must bear about with them the sins of the world. Of such are Mohonk Conferences. No one is less inclined than the writer to depreciate any honest, well-directed effort for human uplifting. But each day witnesses the launching of so many conferences, congresses, schemes, projects, in which the human race is invited to embark for the haven of reform that the aggressive figure of a "Charley" Murphy, equipped with a positive policy, looms like the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Little wonder that he is popular; less, that he has faithful and inalienable followers.

The lesson to be learned from this is written large, and he who runs may read it. It has become the keynote of productive industry to-day: it is concentration. Granted that, *per se*, each proposed method of reform is good; yet, segregated as this, that, or the other conference, they all become ineffective. It is a signal advantage that these various movements become public property through the periodical press; but this mode of publicity does not reach down to the stratum of our social order toward which its best effort should be directed. "Charley" Murphy does reach this stratum. That is all the difference in the world. W. E. PARISH.

Philadelphia.

[This letter reached us at an unfortunate time. The day after an election in which Tammany's hold upon the purse of New York City has been loosened and the grip of the Republican machine upon Philadelphia has been tightened is not just the time when one would be most easily persuaded by a Philadelphian that Charley Murphy, the Tammany boss, is popular. However it may be with other conferences, those at Lake Mohonk have, as a matter of fact, been an indispensable factor in determining the policy of the United States towards the Indians and other dependent peoples.—THE EDITORS.]

THE FOURTEEN-FOOT CHANNEL The advocates of a fourteen-foot channel from Chicago to the Gulf must remember that when this channel is completed it will not be used for freight to Europe. It will, of course, be useful for local business and for business to the other Americas via the Panama Canal, but it will not be used to European points, because there is already a fourteen-foot channel from Chicago to Montreal, which makes a shorter and better route to Europe than any route from Chicago via New Orleans. This route is via the Lakes and the Canadian canals. The distance from Chicago to Montreal is nearly 300 miles shorter than to New Orleans, and the distance from Chicago to Liverpool via Montreal is nearly 2,000 miles shorter than via New Orleans.

Of course the lake portion of the present route is superior to any canal that can be made, so that it would seem that the present route would be preferred to points where the distances are approximately equal.

In point of fact, the present route is not used for ocean-going vessels, because it is found that to operate an ocean vessel economically it must have a draft of more than fourteen feet. There is one case on record of a vessel loaded with steel from Cleveland to England. She could not be fully loaded, as her draft had to be kept down to fourteen

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feet, and when she reached Montreal the load was filled out.

The fact that the proposed Lake-to-Gulf fourteen-foot channel will not be used for European freights should be taken into consideration in estimating its value to the Nation.

ARTHUR HALE.

New York City.

THE PEOPLE OF INDIA

In your issue of October 9 Mr. Charles R. Soutter has something to say about education, land revenue, and railways in India. His remarks on both the latter topics are open to many objections on the score of accuracy, but for the moment I will confine myself to his criticisms of the land revenue system. Mr. Soutter declares that the ancient Hindu measure of taxation was one-sixth of the gathered crop, and that the British now take from one-half to sixty per cent, not of the actual return, but of the officially estimated net crop. This is hardly an accurate way of putting it. In the areas where the State receives its land revenue from the landlord the rate of assessment is very rarely above, and often considerably below, one-half of the net assets—that is, one-half of the rent received by the landlord after deducting the cost of collection. In the areas where the State takes the land revenue from the cultivators, who then pay nothing in the form of rent, while the rate of assessment is theoretically one-half the net produce, liberal deductions are always made for unprofitable cultivation, distance from markets, and vicissitudes of season. The crop is valued at much less than the current market price, and the outturn per acre is systematically underestimated. The result is that the nominal rate of one-half the net produce is hardly in any instance lived up to. The whole question was thoroughly threshed out a few years ago when the Government was solicited to abandon the net produce rule and adopt instead the rule of fixing one-fifth the gross produce as the maximum assessment. It was conclusively shown that, if this change were made, assessments would be increased all round, and that the net produce rule in practice worked out in the Central Provinces at from one-sixth to one-fourteenth of the gross produce, in Bengal at about one-eighth, in Madras at one-tenth, and in the Punjab at from one-seventh to one-eighth. Mr. Soutter, therefore, is wrong in thinking that the rate of assessment is exacted uniformly and without deductions and without taking local and individual circumstances into account; he is wrong, again, in saying that "it may reach sixty per cent or more" of the estimated net crop; and he is doubly wrong in regarding it, as he obviously does, as an extortionate and oppressive system of taxation. This last point may very easily be made good. The amount raised by land revenue in 1907–8 was under $100,000,000. The net area sown with crops was 210,000,000 acres, of which 40,000,000 acres were permanently irrigated, mostly, no doubt, with at least two crops. The actual number of crops reaped was probably 250,000,000, and the average assessment per acre of crop would therefore be $100,000,000 divided by 250,000,000, which is equal to two-fifths, or 40 cents. If Mr. Soutter can point to a single other country where the peasant, on an average, pays only 40 cents per acre of crop *in land taxes and rent combined*, I shall be considerably surprised. He laughs at those who describe the Indian ryot as the lightest-taxed peasant in the civilized world, yet when it is remembered that the ryot pays no tobacco tax, no tea or coffee tax, and only three and one-half per cent customs duty on his cotton garments and a very small salt tax, and when it is also remembered that the sum derived from every source of taxation is slightly under one dollar per head, and that of this sum the ryot cannot by any possible reckoning be made out to contribute as much as half, the description does not seem, after all, to be so very inaccurate.

London, England. SYDNEY BROOKS.

IS HALLEY'S COMET THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM?

The article "Halley and His Comet," no doubt, has been read by every one of your readers with great interest. In looking over the illustrations I dwelt with much attention upon the picture representing people of the Middle Ages staring with mingled surprise and awe at the heavenly tramp, and I at once arrived at the idea that just such a celestial body must have been the so-called Scriptural Star of Bethlehem. I at once set myself to work and investigated this matter. According to renowned historians there is a difference of three years between the birth of Christ and our actual chronology, making our count 1907 instead of 1910. Now, by division of 1907 by 76, the number of years between the repeated appearances of the comet, we receive for a quotient 25.09+, and the certainty that it must have been visible in the heavens about the time when Christ was born. Is this a coincidence? If so, it is a very strong one. Of course some will call this very division an outcome of skepticism, but I believe that we have here a fact to deal with—a fact that will furnish us with a formidable weapon against the supernatural in the Bible and superstition at large.

Corydon, Indiana. GEORGE H. MADER.

[Mr. Kaempffert's article, referred to by our correspondent, says that Halley's Comet is of all comets the most historic, and that "it flashed upon the world when Egypt was young and when Greece was a wilderness." Perhaps this may help to confirm the correspondent's theory, which will, however, strike most readers as fanciful. In point of fact, similar efforts have been made to identify the Star of Bethlehem with other comets.—THE EDITORS.]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED